The RING

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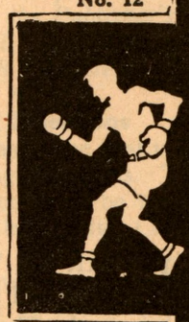

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PR

The Ring is a magazine which a man can take home with him. He can leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The Christmas

By NORMAN DALY

HEAR Ye, Warriors, the Bells are Ringing,
Around the World their Echoes Flinging,
Join in the Chorus with Your Singing
On the Waste of Wintry Air!
Hear Ye, Ringmen, their Swift Vibrations,
Clanging forth Throughout the Nations;
Clanging till their Glad Pulsations
Millions Blissful Bosoms Share.

* * *

EVERY Bell to Every Hammer
Answers with a Joyous Clamor!
To-day, Forget the Fame and Glamor
Of the Fighter's Blood-stained Ring.
Rejoice, Ye Boxers, High and Lowly,
For, from the Stable, Coming Slowly
A Stream of Radiance, Pure and Holy——
Christ is Born! Christ, the King!

* * *

STOP the Fight! Come, Warriors, Render
A Hymn of Praise in Voices Tender;
Sing! Proud Champion and Contender;
Sing to the Blessed Baby Mild.
Come, Ye Men, with Features Broken,
Let not Your Love remain Unspoken,
Give Him Your Hearts—a Humble Token—
Chant Your Prayers to the Saviour Child.

* * *

UNLIKE the Gong's Metallic Ringing
The Chapel-bells are Slowly Swinging,
And each Note to You is ringing
A Happy, Joyous Christmastide.
O! You in the Fistic Category,
Covered with Renown and Glory,
Hark to the Sweet Seraphic Story
Trembling O'er the Whole World Wide.

* * *

GLORY! Glory! Christ is Descending!
To Give us Joy that is Unending;
Join the Ecstatic Choirs Attending;
Smite Your Lyre with Tempest Sound.
Peace! Competition's Reign in Riven!
Peace on Earth! Good-Will is Given!
Shout the Joy through Highest Heaven!
Make the Crystal Sphere's Resound!

* * *

LET Pugilism's Woe and Wrangling
Like dead Things hang Lifeless—Dangling,
And now Your Bitter Thoughts Untangling
In some deep Harmonious Rhyme.
Let His Love and Joy Supernal
Hush Your Dissonance Infernal;
Join in the Christmas Bliss Eternal,
Throbbing through the Pulse of Time.

* * *

LO! Ye Boxers, see where They Found Him,
By the Chrismal Light that Crowned Him!
Leek; see the Beardy Shepherds Round Him—
Round the Manger Kneeling Low!
O! Fighters! Join in one Great Meeting;
Cleanse Your Faces Cut and Bleeding—
To-day, let Championships go, Unheeding
To the Lure of Fame's Bright Glow.

* * *

VAIN the Wrath of Champions Conspiring!
Vain the Prowess of Men Aspiring!
Vain the Glory of Men Desiring!
Forget! and Harken to the Chimes!
Yea, Indeed, Bow Low Before Him;
Blessed be the Hour that bore Him;
One and All, Kneel and Adore Him—
Everyone! in all Tongues and Climes.

* * *

HEAR YE, Ringmen, the bells Resounding,
Pugilism's Jargon all Confounding!
Round Your Hearts Their Tumult's Bounding,
Crowding Out Your Hopes of Fame.
To Your Gloved-hands Their Offerings Bringing;
Round Your Stout Hearts His Love is Clinging,
So Let Your Tongues Rejoice in Singing,
And Praise the Honor of His Name.

* * *

CROWN Him! You Prize-fighting Sages!
Crown Him! Sport writers in Deathless Pages!
Crown Him! King of All the Ages!
And Let the Mighty Anthem Rise.
Cease the Sight of Blood and Gore!
Cease! that Left-Hook to the Jaw!
Cease! hammering Another to the Floor!
But Sing! and let the Chorus shake the Sky!

* * *

LIVING CHRIST! over Sin Victorious!
Crucified Christ! All Meritorious!
Rising Christ! Forever Glorious!
Give Us Health and Strength, We Pray.
Not Health and Strength to Whip Another,
Or to Drive Us to Out-fight a Brother,
But Strength to Love, as did Your Mother
On That Glorious Christmas Day.

tremendous strides in all branches of athletics, especially in the fistic sport, and it is our hope that we may encounter one or more boxers of championship calibre, as in our last trip. Should such be located, we shall have them, through The Ring, brought on to New York, the world's pugilistic Metropolis.

* * * * *

Tod Morgan Makes Good

TOD MORGAN, the Seattle Whirlwind, is one of the few boxers who successfully withstood the attack of the Jinx in 1926. Tod on November 19, for the third time in two months, an unusual record, successfully defended his junior lightweight championship, this time, against Carl Duane, in Madison Square Garden. Morgan first turned back Joe Glick, then tackled Johnny Dundee on the Coast and after subduing the former title holder, rushed back east to take the measure of Duane in a bout that left no doubt about the prowess of the little Seattle lad.

Morgan won hands down. He gave Carl a boxing lesson, out-slugged him when at close range and soundly whipped him in all but four of fifteen rounds. By his showing, Morgan proved that he is the outstanding figure in his class. What Jack Delaney is to the light heavyweights, Morgan is to the junior lightweights. He is a clean cut youngster, a clean liver and a credit to the sport. More power to him.

* * * * *

Teddy Baldock Goes Back Home

NEW YORK fight fans were sorry to see Teddy Baldock, British bantam, return to his home in England on the Berengaria a few days ago. Teddy made a hit in this country and had he remained for several more months, he undoubtedly would have taken back considerable money with him. Unfortunately Teddy, being only a youngster, could not understand why American promoters sung his praises, yet refused to offer him more than $200 to $300 for a six round bout. He felt that he should have received at least $1,000 for each contest and when he found this was not forthcoming, he decided to return to England where he can pick up 200 to 300 pounds, or an equivalent of $1,000 to $1,500 for a bout of fifteen rounds.

Had Teddy been of age, and thereby eligible to fight in bouts of more than six rounds, there is no doubt he would have been given a main event contest in Madison Square Garden with an opportunity to obtain from $5,000 to $8,000 for a twelve round mill, but as the New York State Boxing laws prevent a lad of Baldock's age—he is only seventeen—from fighting more than six rounds, promoters could not afford to make him the headline and the best he could command in almost every one of the eleven fights he had, was around the $200 mark.

Too bad that such a situation had to come between Baldock and his stay in this country, for his wonderfully clever boxing, his beautiful, sidestepping, his marvelous countering, his snappy jabbing, his heavy hitting and tremendous speed won for him the hearts of the American fight fans.

Unfortunately Baldock couldn't see the light. He had just reached the stage where he passed through the trial tests and promoters were angling for his services when he decided to leave these shores. Perhaps Teddy will come back in the near future and if he does it will be open arms that the fistic fans will greet him. Baldock is taking on weight rapidly and in a year or two he will be a lightweight. When that time arrives, watch out for Baldock! He will be Freddy Welsh's successor as lightweight king.

* * * * *

An Army of Readers

YULETIDE Greetings to You All. May the New Year be one of continued happiness to our host of readers—A Happy Grown-up Family.

It is your patronage, your constructive criticism that has enabled this magazine to prosper. From a circulation of 2,700 for our first issue five years ago, we have now branched out to a net paid circulation of more than 50,000, and with your continued help the 60,000 mark should be reached with our next anniversary.

Clean advertising, clean, well written articles by the leading sports writers of the country, and always a desire to keep the sport above reproach, have earned the full-hearted support of our vast army of readers and it is the Publisher's aim to continue, so far as human power will permit, to serve those to whom this magazine belongs—OUR READERS.

* * * * *

Rickard's Annual Selections

IN our next issue, Tex Rickard, as in the past two years, will make his annual all-star boxing selections. These, chosen exclusively for THE RING, have come to be regarded in the fistic world in the same light as the late Walter Camp's selection were in the football world.

Tex Rickard, after an exhaustive study of more than 700 candidates, in which he was aided by the entire staff of The Ring, Jess McMahon, promoter of Madison Square Garden and seven prominent boxing writers and referees, will make known to our readers in the February, sixth anniversary number of this magazine, the names of the ten leading boxers in each division. Needless to say, the lucky boys as in previous years, will fall in for their share of the big boxing purses following the publication of these choices, as their services will be in demand throughout the country.

Last year Tex's all-star selection was almost perfect as a glance over the list will show that with little exception, every boy he named among the leading ten, came through with flying colors, each of the contenders winning a championship or landing in second position.

Watch for Tex Rickard's All-Star Pick in the next issue!

* * * * *

Walker in Hall of Fame

RING history keeps popping up with queer quirks. Mickey Walker, who wasn't good enough to retain the welterweight title against the challenge of Pete Latzo, now finds himself in possession of the world's middleweight crown. Mickey therefore stands out with a dis-

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Dethronement of Seven Champions, Record Attendances and Receipts, Sensational Upsets Mark 1926 in Fisticuffs

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

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WHAT a year!

Nineteen twenty-six will go down in ring history as the banner year in modern fisticuffs. Dethronement of seven champions, record wrecking receipts and attendance figures, many sensational upsets and innumerable brilliant achievements were crowded into twelve of the most active months ever known in ring history.

It is not taking too much for granted to state that the Herculean feats of the present day gladiators will never be surpassed, let alone equalled.

It was a year of all years.

The gross receipts of $1,895,744.40 taken in at Philadelphia for the Dempsey-Tunney match will stand for years to come. It is unlikely that we will live to see the day, or night, that 118,736 number of gullibles who paid their good money to see Tunney annihilate what remained of the once invincible Dempsey, will turn out to sit in at another heavyweight titular duel. There may never be a duplicate of the Sesqui event in point of interest and enthusiasm.

Champion Dethroned

FANDOM the length and breadth of the land saw titleholders eased out of their niches in the mythical Hall of Fame like so many flies. The two-fisted attack of the various challengers swept the monarchs off their feet. Fidel La Barba and Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg escaped the wrath of the contending avalanche by hiding behind their royal robes.

The only kingpin who came through unscathed was the gamester Morgan. The young Californian created a world record for competition with a title involved. He defended his 130-pound laurels three times in seven weeks, and four times in six months. He knocked out the veteran Kid Sullivan in six heats, and turned back such formidable challengers as Joe Glick, Johnny Dundee and Carl Duane. His contest with Duane at the new Madison Square Garden, New York, November 19, drew a "gate" of $55,259, new figures for a junior lightweight championship.

While it is true that a change in the heavyweight throne lays the foundation for a new chapter in pugilistic annals, there is no denying the fact that the most valuable boxer of the dizzy year, competitively speaking, was the debonair Jack Delaney. His decisive victory over Paul Berlenbach for the light heavyweight crown, his knockout of the cool, calculating Mike McTigue and the artistic manner with which he vanquished heavyweights like Johnny Risko and Young Bob Fitzsimmons, gives him an edge over Tunney's surprisingly easy victory in the rain-soaked Sesqui ring.

Delaney's Feats

A MAN'S fistic prowess is measured not only by the number of times he fights but how he mows down the opposition. Delaney surmounted many obstacles in his path to a third meeting with Berlenbach. Although beaten by the proverbial eyelash in the second setto, "Bright Eyes" never gave up hopes of realizing his life's ambition. Opportunity didn't knock twice at his glove tips in that memorable Ebbets Field quarrel. He grasped it with the first blow.

Delaney's skillfulness baffled Oom Paul at every turn. Tunney, in the meanwhile, played golf and read books. Before he caught up with Bernard Shaw, Gene allowed how he was a man of Destiny. Lady Luck smiled her sweetest when he finally climbed through the ropes to complete the physical slaughter of the crest-fallen Dempsey who had beaten Jess Willard to a pulp, wrecked Georges Carpentier and battered Luis Firpo within an inch of his life.

Numerous changes in the standing of challengers in the eleven divisions has practically wrecked Tex Rickard's 1925 ranking. Many familiar names in the big promoter's list will be missing when he compiles his new one for the February issue of The Ring. Several contenders—the word is used advisedly—have either been relegated to the scrap heap or forced to hang up their gloves. Father Time exacted his toll which is his annual custom.

Year of Upsets

AT the fag end of the year several startling upsets were recorded. Louis (Kid) Kaplan, who surrendered his featherweight title because he could no longer make 126 pounds, which was a manly thing to do, was stopped unceremoniously in his first stand in the lightweight class. It remained for an obscure clouter named Billy Wallace to score the first knock out ever registered over the slashing Meriden, Conn., scrapper. The Kid trecked to Cleveland where he encountered Wallace. To the consternation of the large crowd Wallace ripped terrific rights to Kaplan's chin. The Kid fought back gallantly.

The first four rounds were his by a few city blocks. The fifth spelled his doom. Bleeding from mouth and nose Wallace unloosened another fusillade of rights and when the smoke of battle cleared Kaplan's face was sunk deep in the resin dust.

In rapid succession came Mickey Walker's questionable victory over Tiger Flowers for the middleweight championship and the first knock out ever suffered by Joe Dundee. Like Kaplan, the Baltimorean, who was considered the leading challenger for Pete Latzo's welter diadem, travelled all the way to San Francisco where he was hammered into submission by a practically unknown boy, named Eddie Roberts.

The fight was over barely before it started. Three times Roberts, who

hails from Tacoma, Wash., floored Dundee with smashing rights and lefts. The first time Joe remained down for a nine count. He came up only to tumble down again for the count of three. As he arose for the third time, Roberts shot over a vicious right to the jaw which tumbled Dundee for another nine count. Dundee got up again, but was staggered against the ropes and the referee humanely intervened.

Walker was beaten from pillar to post by Tiger Flowers, the Gawgia Deacon but Benny Yanger, who was a fighter himself some twenty years ago, raised the young Irishman's arm in token of victory. The Negro won six of the ten rounds yet lost the title.

Good Boston Fighters

NEXT to Delaney, Tunney and Morgan the most meritorious boxers were the Bostonians Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney. They helped to enliven more interest in the heavyweight division by their marvellous performances. Sharkey thrilled 20,000 howling fans the night he punched Harry Wills full of holes.

The Brown Panther, Nemesis of Jack Dempsey over a stretch of five years, was shamefully beaten. The egotistical Sharkey—he believes he can lick any man in the world—cried like a baby when the referee halted proceedings in the thirteenth round and disqualified Wills. He shed tears because he didn't want to win that way, as he felt sure he could have stopped the Negro in the last two heats. Dempsey, Tunney and a flock of other heavies breathed a sigh of relief.

Maloney turned Tex Rickard's arena into a veritable madhouse as he ripped Arthur De Kuh to shreds. Shamus floored the young Italian eight times. He came back a few weeks later and enjoyed a good workout at the expense of the German punching bag—Franz Diener. If Maloney and Sharkey ever meet, don't fail to sit in at the "murder." They loom up as the leading "contenders" for the big title. Tunney must face one or the other before another six months has passed. Either man has more than an even chance of licking him.

Comeback by McTigue

AMONG some of the others who came through with colors flying were Tiger Flowers who gave the late, lamented Harry Greb a return shot for the title; Mike McTigue, who, in spite of the Delaney kayo, recovered his right hand punch in time to bowl over King Solomon and Billy Vidabeck in addition to giving Johnny Risko a severe drubbing and become a menace again in the light heavy ranks; Maxie Rosenbloom, who whipped Flowers at catch-weights; Joe Dundee who went through the welter division with a fine tooth comb only to be stopped standing on his feet by Roberts.

Outstanding Developments Of 1926 In Boxing

1.—Jack Delaney's decisive victory over Paul Berlenbach for light heavyweight laurels.

2.—Defeat of Jack Dempsey at hands of Gene Tunney for heavyweight championship.

3.—Successful defense by Tod Morgan of junior lightweight title four times, thrice in the short space of seven weeks, a remarkable feat.

4.—Record figures of $1,895,733.40 gross receipts and paid attendance of 118,736 for Dempsey-Tunney battle at Philadelphia.

5—Loss of seven championships, the middleweight crown changing hands twice, another record that may never be surpassed.

6—Slaughter of Harry Wills, Arthur De Kuh and Franz Diener by Boston heavies Jack Sharkey and Jim Maloney respectively.

7—Untimely deaths of Harry Greb and Clever Sencio.

8—Mike McTigue's remarkable comeback after he had been stopped by Jack Delaney.

9—Ace Hudkins' sensational kayo of Ruby Goldstein, who had been touted as a second Benny Leonard.

10—First knock outs suffered by Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Joe Dundee at hands of Billy Wallace and Eddie Roberts respectively.

Also as outstanding feats for 1926 are Ace Hudkins, knock out of Ruby Goldstein in one of the most sensation lightweight duels ever seen, and his two sterling victories over Phil McGraw; Lew Tendler's new lease of life; Johnny Dundee's two marvellous battles with a broken right hand, one with Fred Bretonnel and the other with Tod Morgan; Babe Herman's victory over the tough Benny Bass; Honeyboy Finnegan's win over Chick Suggs and Young Stribling's setback

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at the hands of Paul Berlenbach.

Then there was a shadow cast over the boxing game in 1926 by the untimely deaths of Harry Greb and Clever Sencio. Greb, one of a few of the greatest fighters who ever laced on the gloves, succumbed to an operation. Sencio, gallant Filipino, died from the effects of a bad beating delivered by Bud Taylor. He was the second fighter to feel the effects of Bud's bowlder like fists. A few years ago Bud brought tears to New York fandom following the death of the popular Frankie Jerome after the Bronxite had taken an unmerciful licking at the hands of the westerner.

Dempsey Still Popular

THAT Dempsey is far more popular now that he has been stripped of his wordly pugilistic belongings than he used to be is generally conceded. He was the hero in defeat against Tunney. The big boy was given a tremendous ovation the night he appeared in the Madison Square Garden ring to receive his belated championship belt from the New York Boxing Writers' Association. The roof of the amphitheatre almost caved in from the cheers and deafening applause that rent the air.

Jack hasn't made up his mind as yet whether he will continue fighting or call it a day. Dempsey plans to do some intensive training and if he finds he can't do himself justice, he will hang up the gloves.

As much as we like Dempsey, it behooves us to state that he can never hope to approach the condition he was in for the Willard, Carpentier and Firpo fights. True, he was harassed and what not for the Tunney affair, but on second thought he was whipped before he climbed through the ropes for the good reason that he hadn't fought in three years.

That, to our way of thinking, was the real reason why he lost. There is no getting away from it. Tunney blinded him with rapier-like lefts and short choppy rights. If he had been a little more aggressive, Tunney might have knocked him out. Gene however, scenting easy victory, played with Dempsey like a cat does with a mouse.

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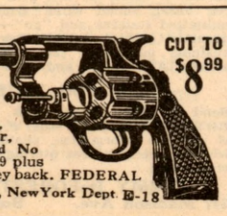
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Walker Lucky

HAD he beaten the Tiger decisively Mickey Walker's name would have been emblazoned on the scroll of the pugilistic famous because any man who can lose one title and come back and win another in a heavier division, is deserving of all the glory that can be heaped upon him. But his Chicago accomplishment will be scorned rather than praised. Walker retained his welter laurels by the skin of his teeth against Dave Shade. He took the Pete Latzo fight figuring that the coal miner was a sucker. Pete dethroned him.

Dave Shade, the gritty Californian, has been forced to sit on the sidelines six months or more because of illness. Shade will start a fresh campaign in the middleweight ranks and is hopeful of dragging Walker into the ring. It will be remembered that Dave chased Mickey nearly two years before he got a sock at him. And then he lost on a questionable decision.

Before the new year is a few months old some more titles may change hands, as well as upsets and startling performances. Every division is stocked up with valuable talent.

Tunney will have to look to his laurels from such hard hitters as Dempsey, if he can satisfy all hands that he is deserving of a return match; Sharkey, Maloney, Jack Delaney, Persson, the big Swede; Sully Montgomery, and lesser lights such as Monte Munn, Paolino, Arthur De Kuh, Otto Van Porat, Belgian; Larry Gaines, the Canadian; Bud Gorman, Stribling and Dr. Gustave Haymann of Germany.

The only men Delaney has to fear in the light heavyweight ranks are Tommy Loughran, McTigue, and perhaps Maxie Rosenbloom. Others who can be listed as "contenders" includes Berlenbach, Jimmy Delaney, Yake Okun, Earl Blue, Sailor Byrnes, of San Diego, Cal.; Jimmy Slattery, Leo Loomski, Bert Colima, Matt Adgie, Eddie Huffman and Martin Burke.

Walker's Rivals

TIGER Flowers, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack McVey, Johnny Wilson, George Courtney and Joe Roche, the latter of San Francisco, all have a splendid chance of whipping Walker. But it will be a long time before Mickey will stake his all against real challengers. There are others too who figure to make the going rough for him such as Allentown Joe Gans, Walcott Langford, Jock Malone, Cowboy Jack Willis, Frankie Schoell and Walter Hogan.

The welter class teems with good fighters. Pete Latzo, like Tunney, is in for a lot of trouble. The outstanding candidates include Joe Dundee, Eddie Roberts, Tommy Freeman, Russie Le Roy, Jack Silver. George Fifield, Mushy Callahan, Jack Zivic, Jack Hood, Lew Tendler, Joey Silvers, George (Kid) Lee, Ace Hudkins, Alf Mancini, Andy Divodi, Vince Dundee, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Willie Harmon, Georgie Levine, Meyer Cohen, Al Mello, Farmer Joe Cooper and possibly Ruby Goldstein.

The junior welter class doesn't amount to much.

Now we come to the lightweights. Sammy Mandell is in for a lot of

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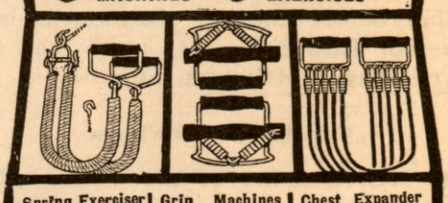
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trouble if he comes out of his glass case and fights. He will have to show cause to such worthy challengers as Sid Terris, who, in spite of the fact that he hasn't been fighting much of late is still the leading "contender"; Billy Wallace, Stanislaus Loayza, Les Murray, Billy Petrolle (look out for this boy, Samuel) Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Phil McGraw, Baby Joe Gans, Tommy O'Brien, Sammy Vogel, Johnny O'Donnell, Willie Ames, Tommy Herman, Harry Cook, Jack Bernstein, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Hilario Martinez, Billy White, Berry Valger, Harry Felix, Luis Vicentini, Jimmy Ryan, Tony Vaccarelli, Solly Seeman.

The junior lightweights are a classy lot. Although he has disposed of Carl Duane and Joe Glick, champion Tod Morgan can expect some stubborn opposition from Jimmy McLarnin. Honeyboy Finnegan, Babe Herman, Al Winkler, Young Datto, Benny Bass, Eddie Anderson, Joey Sangor, and Joe Lombardo, Bobby Garcia, Phil McGraw, Ray Miller, Frankie Fink, Don Davis.

Feathers in Limelight

HONEYBOY FINNEGAN, Chick Suggs, Benny Bass, Red Chapman, Babe Herman, Eddie Shea, Al Foreman, Johnny Hill, Johnny Farr, Andy Martin, Sammy Fuller, Andre Routis, Tony Canzoneri, Harry Corbett, of England; Joey Sangor, Doc Snell, Lew Hurley and Al Tripoli are among the best who are seeking Louis (Kid) Kaplan's vacant laurels.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg has a raft of boys on his trail who keep him awake nights. These contenders for the title include Bud Taylor, Bushey Graham, Teddy Baldock, Andy Martin, Johnny Vacca, Pete Sarmiento, Dominick Petrone, Jackie Cohen, Frank Grandetti, Joe Rivers, Johnny Breslin, Davey Abad, Merle Alte of Indianapolis, Vic Burrone, Johnny Green. Another crack bantam is Charley's stablemate.

Elky Clarke and Frankie Genaro are the leading "contenders" for Fidel La Barba's title. Among some other good ones are: Newsboy Brown, Izzy Schwartz, Ernie Jarvis, Joey Ross, Willie Davies, Dave Adelman, Black Bill, Harry Goldstein, Happy Atherton, Ernie Peters, Alex Burley, Emil Paluso.

Other Candidates

PROSPECTIVE candidates in the various divisions, meaning future greats, follow:

Heavyweight — Charles Peguilhan,

(*Continued on page* 46)

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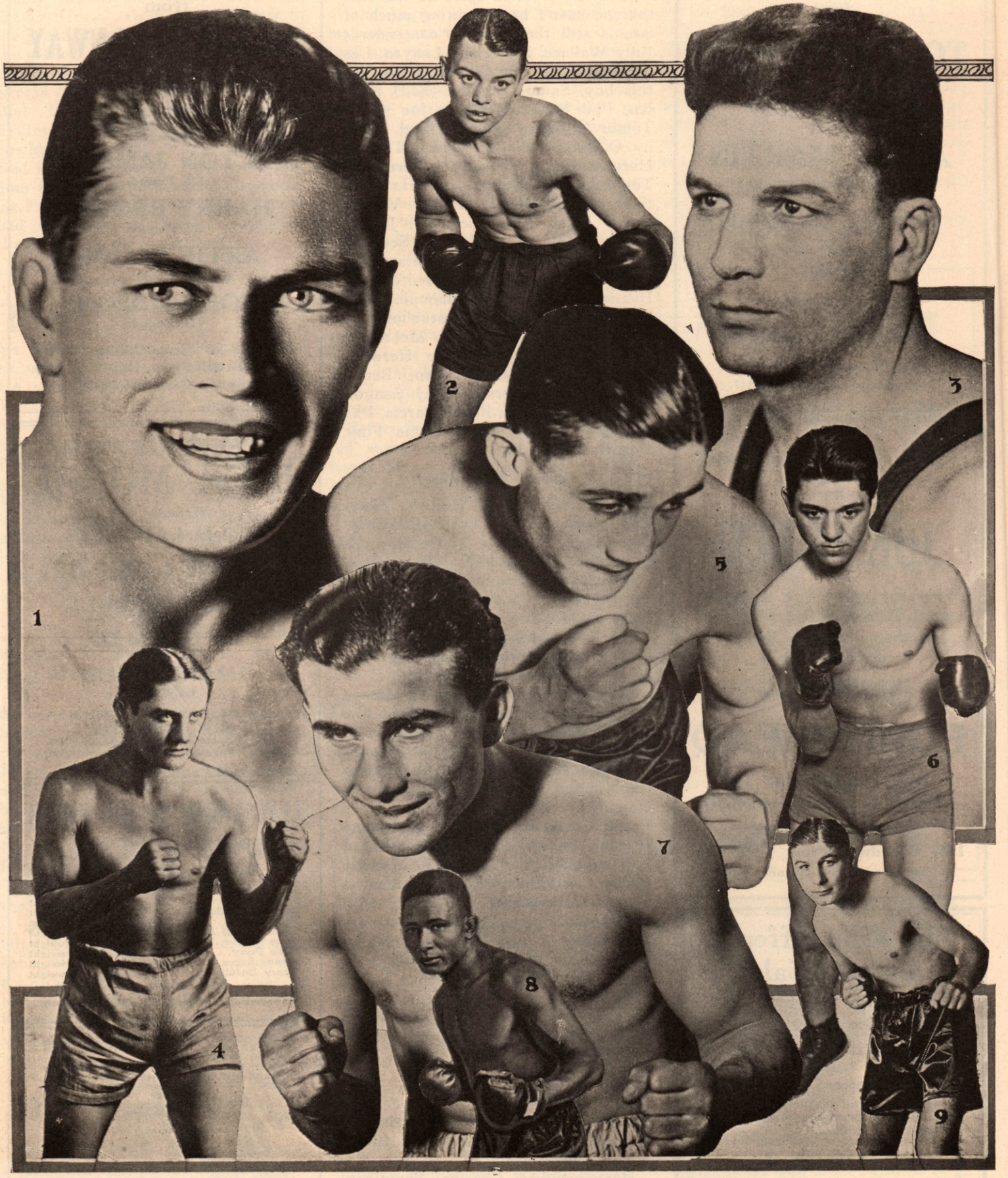
Kings of Their Division in 1926



No. 1—Gene Tunney, conqueror of Jack Dempsey for heavyweight title. No. 2—Tod Morgan, king of the junior lightweight roost. No. 3—Jack Delaney, who dethroned Paul Berlenbach for light heavyweight laurels. No. 4—Pete Latzo, boss of the welter division. No. 5—Mushy Callahan, junior welter titleholder. No. 6—Sammy Mandell, lightweight champion. No. 7—Fidel La Barba, flyweight emperor. No. 8—Tiger Flowers, twice victor over Harry Greb for middleweight honors. He held the title until the evening of December 3, when he lost it to Mickey Walker in a ten-round decision bout in Chicago. No. 9—Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, bantamweight champion.

Others Have Taken Their Place As Champions

1—Louis (Kid) Kaplan, who turned in his featherweight crown because he could no longer make the weight. 2—Harry Greb, who lost middleweight laurels to Tiger Flowers. 3—Jack Dempsey, conquered by Gene Tunney. 4—Rocky Kansas, who was dethroned by Sammy Mandell in lightweight division. 5—Paul Berlenbach, who dropped his light heavyweight title to Jack Delaney. 6—Pinky Mitchell, whose junior welterweight crown was annexed by Mushy Callahan. 7—Mickey Walker, who lost the welterweight crown to Pete Latzo on points. Walker lost this title, but won the middleweight championship from Tiger Flowers in ten rounds in Chicago on December 3.

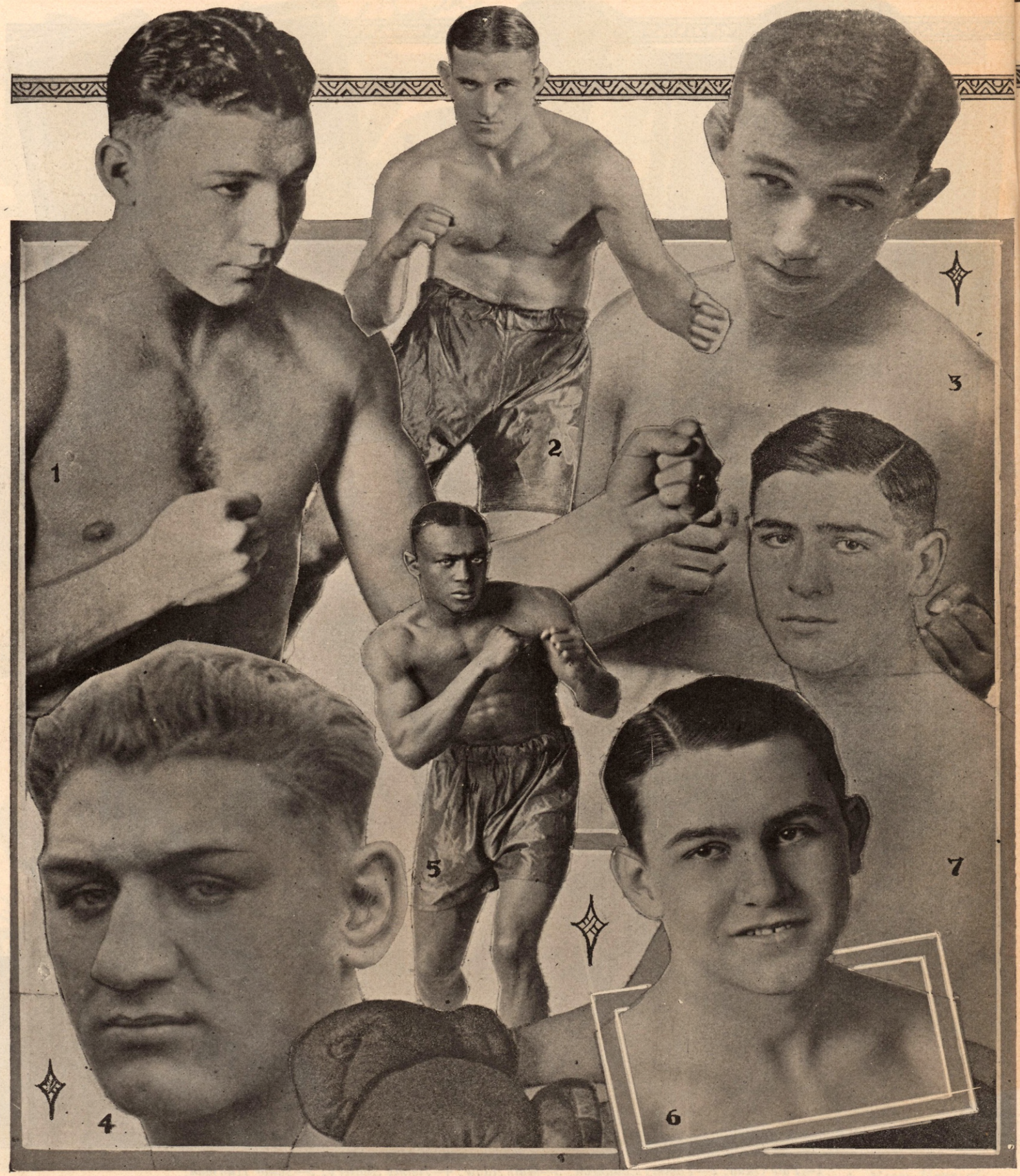
Flock of Heavyweights in Limelight in 1926

1—*Jimmy Maloney of Boston;* 2—*Jack Renault of Canada;* 3—*Jack Sharkey of Boston, conquerer of Harry Wills;* 4—*Monte Munn of Nebraska;* 5—*Young Stribling of Atlanta;* 6—*Harry Persson of Sweden;* 7—*Franz Diener, German champion;* 8—*Paolino Uzcudum of Spain;* 9—*Bud Gorman of Chicago;* 10—*Dr. Ludwig Hayman of Germany;* 11—*Arthur De Kuh of Brooklyn.*

They Have Hopes of Dethroning Jack Delaney

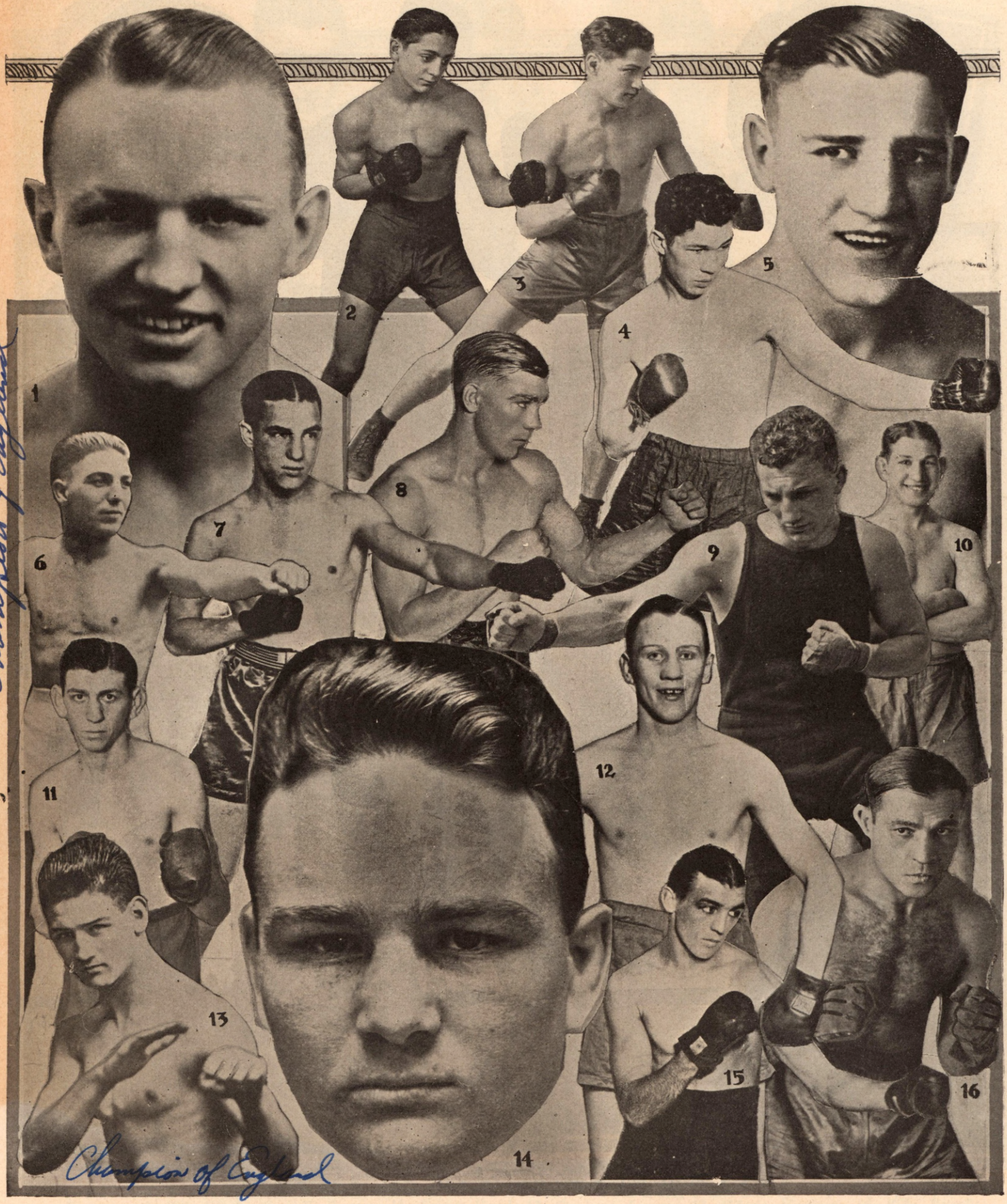
1—*Yale Okun;* 2—*Tommy Loughran;* 3—*Matt Adgie;* 4—*Jimmy Slattery;* 5—*Sailor Huffman;* 6—*Jimmy Delaney;* 7—*Eral Blue;* 8—*Mike McTigue.*

Middleweights Who Hold the Limelight



1—*Maxie Rosenbloom.* 2—*Walter Hogan.* 3—*Phil (K.O.) Kaplan.* 4—*Johnny Wilson.* 5—*Jack McVey.* 6—*George Courtney.* 7—*Frankie Schoell.*—*This division has a scarcity of top notchers. Most of the good talent graduated during the year into the light heavyweight class.*

Welterweights Who Rank Ace High



1—*Russell Le Roy;* 2—*Ruby Goldstein;* 3—*Andy Divodi;* 4—*Sergeant Sammy Baker;* 5—*Joe Dundee;* 6—*Alf Mancini;* 7—*Jack Zivic;* 8—*Jim Finley;* 9—*Lew Tendler;* 10—*Meyer Cohen;* 11—*Jack Silver;* 12—*Ace Hudkins;* 13—*Jack Hood;* 14—*Tommy Freeman;* 15—*Georgie Ward;* 16—*Willie Harmon.*

Crop of Classy Junior Lightweight Fighters

1—*Ray Miller;* 2—*Carl Duane;* 3—*Babe Herman;* 4—*Eddie Anderson;* 5—*Jimmy McLarnin;* 6—*Frankie Fink;* 7—*Kid Henry;* 8—*Bobby Garcia;* 9—*Joe Glick.*

They Seek to Fill Shoes of Benny Leonard

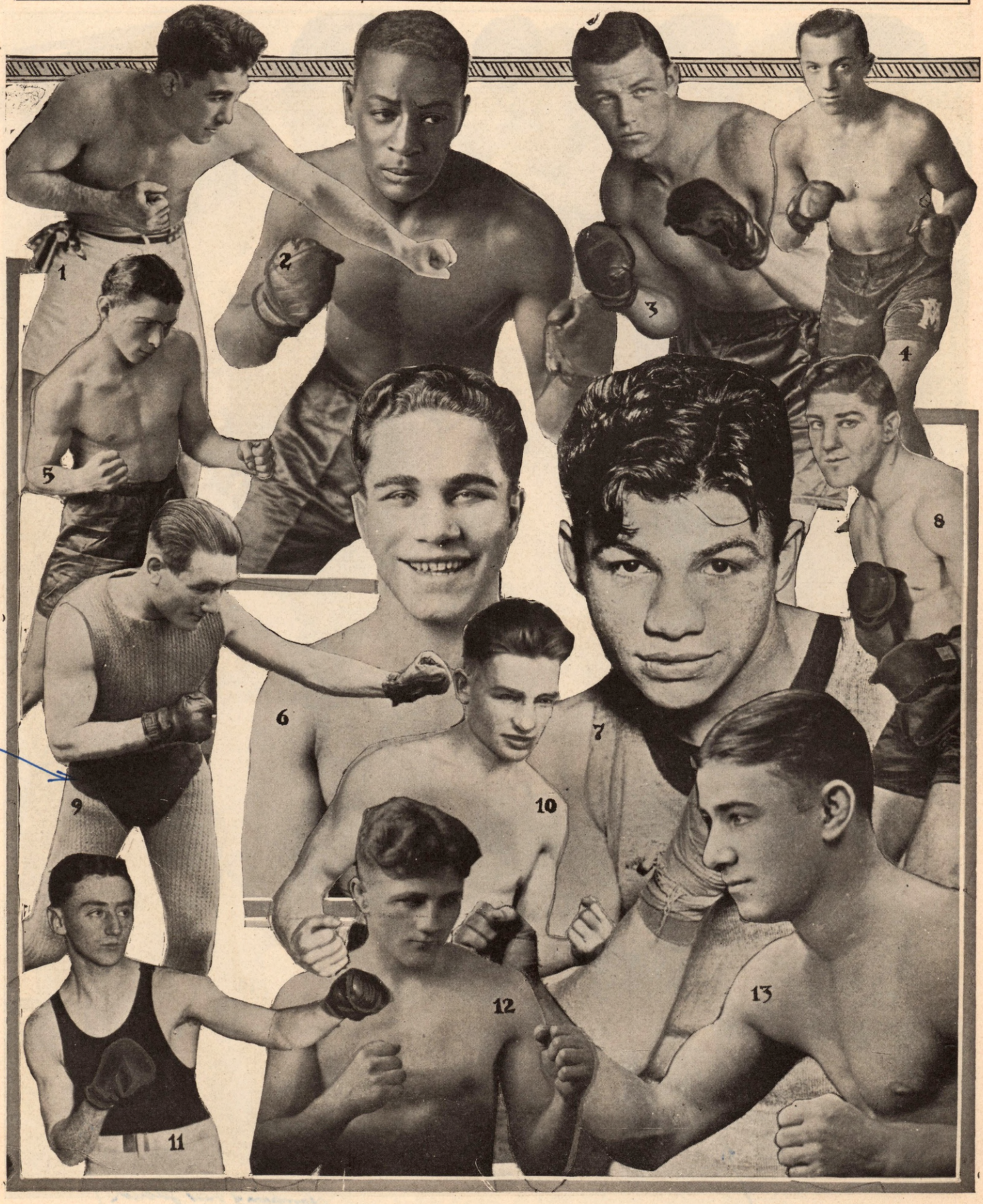
1—*Sid Terris;* 2—*Jack Bernstein;* 3—*Tommy Hermann;* 4—*Phil McGraw;* 5—*Willie Ames;* 6—*Les Murray;* 7—*Tommy O'Brien;* 8—*Sid Barbarian;* 9—*Billy White;* 10—*Solly Seeman;* 11—*Sammy Vogel;* 12—*Stanisaus Loayza;* 13—*Hilario Martinez;* 14—*Billy Petrolle;* 15—*Luis Vicentini.*

Champion of New Zealand

Champion of South America

Ex Champion of S.A.

Bright Array of Featherweight Contenders



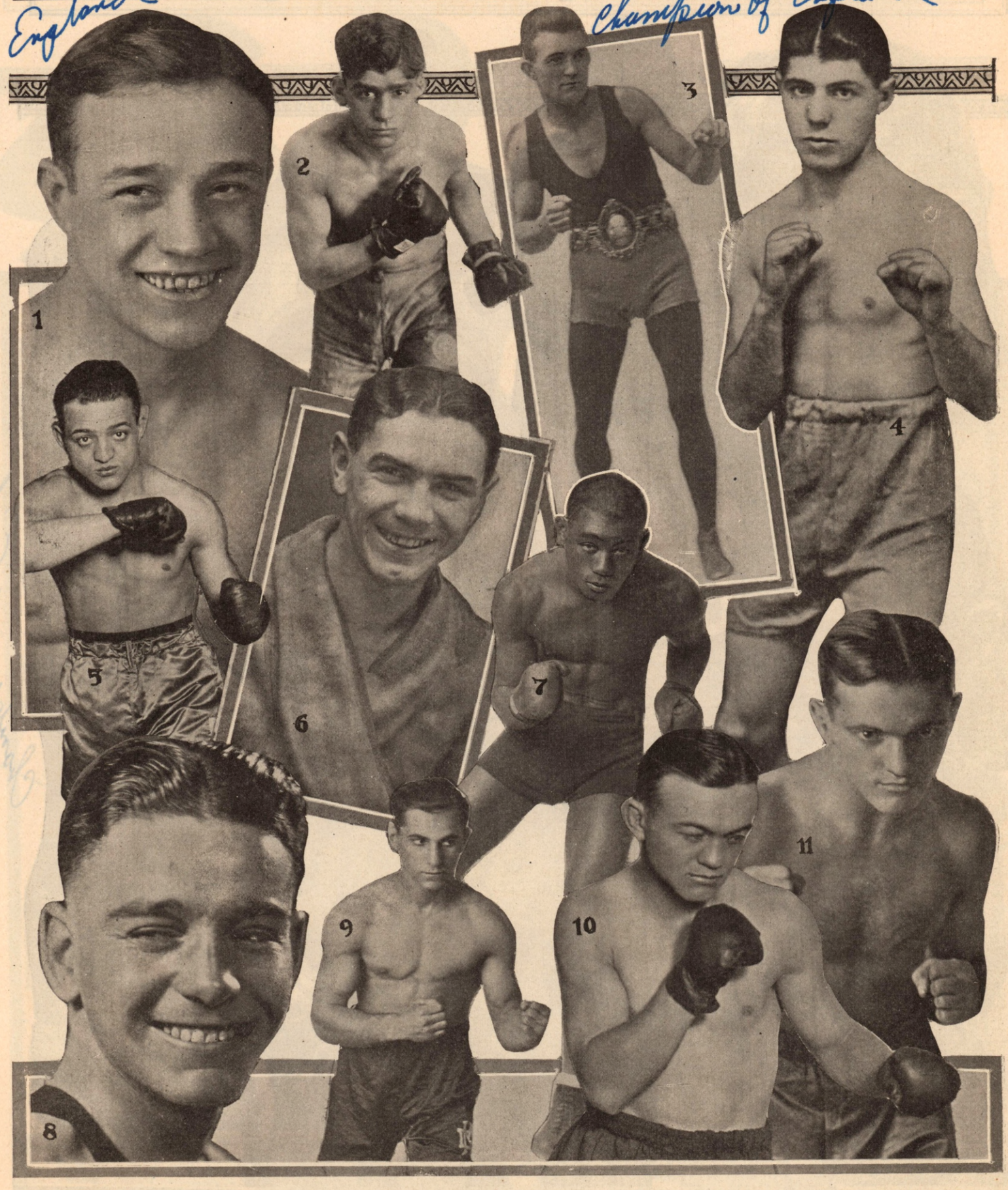
1—*Johnny Dundee;* 2—*Chicak Suggs;* 3—*Honey Boy Finnegan;* 4—*Andy Martin;* 5—*Sammy Dorfman;* 6—*Eddie Shea;* 7—*Tony Canzoneri;* 8—*Red Chapman;* 9—*Andre Routis;* 10—*Doc Snell,* 11—*Joey Sangor;* 12—*Parsy Ruffalo;* 13—*Benny Bass.*

Champion of France

Bantams Who Helped Make Ring History

1—*Pete Sarmiento.* 2—*Vic Burrone.* 3—*Dominick Petrone.* 4—*Teddy Baldock.* 5—*Johnny Green.* 6—*Bud Taylor.* 7—*Johnny Breslin.* 8—*Ray Rivers.* 9—*Lew Perfetti.* 10—*Bushey Graham.*

They Want a Crack At the Flyweight King



1—*Ernie Jarvis;* 2—*Corporal Izzy Schwartz;* 3—*Elky Clarke;* 4—*Harry Goldstein;* 5—*Frankie Genaro;* 6—*Jackie Johnson;* 7—*Black Bill;* 8—*Joey Williams;* 9—*Newsboy Brown;* 10—*Happy Atherton;* 11—*Joey Ross.*

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

"DEMPSEY was poisoned by something that was put into his coffee cream," says Capt. Mabbutt, who was in the then champion's entourage at Atlantic City. The charge is made that his poisoning was done just before the unsuccessful bout with Gene Tunney.

If this be true, Dempsey should summon the big squad of detectives and other guards which swarmed about his camp and get his money back. They didn't inspect his cream.

At future heavyweight camps there will have to be an official Cream Inspector and Food Tester. In the old days kings had official "food and wine dogs." Rex always tried his stuff on his "dog" first and if the "dog" didn't die, Rex ate and drank.

Getting Tougher and Tougher

BOXING is getting more and more complicated. The time was when a heavyweight champion could go away somewhere in the woods without molestation and get ready for his fight. But now camps are pitched in the most populous places to get the shekels of the good folk. Population brings problems,—such as that of poisoned cream.

Dempsey was poisoned. But not by cream. He was poisoned by worry and the realization that he was not the killer of old. It was a toxaemia of fear,—though Dempsey wasn't afraid in so far as courage was concerned.

Capt. Mabbutt is a little late with his claim. The backers of Jim Jeffries beat them to it with the doped tea story after the Jack Johnson affair at hot Reno. It will be recollected that the Abysmal Brute was doped by something that was put in his tea on the eve of the fight.

The moral is,—Let no fighters use tea or cream while training. And let all claims be made within twenty four hours after the accident.

What About Dempsey?

INCIDENTALLY, what about the plans Dempsey had for a comeback? Has Jack decided, after all, to hark to his wife and quit the ring? The gossips along Broadway say that Jack will not be seen again with a pair of gloves on his maulies.

That was a funny one in Chicago,—Mickey Walker taking the middleweight title from Tiger Flowers. Chicago seems to be the home of fistic freaks and clouting comedies.

Not that the dethronement of Flowers is a ring tragedy. The negro already is sure of further financial balm in a return bout in New York. But why wasn't the fight held in New York in the first place?

If Walker, beaten by Latzo for the welterweight title, is the middleweight champion, what is Latzo now?

THE MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE HAS FALLEN ON MORE OR LESS EVIL DAYS. THE DIVISION NEEDS A KETCHEL, BUT WHERE, OH WHERE, ARE WE TO GET ONE?

What Chicago Has Seen

CHICAGO saw Mandell take the title from Kansas. It saw Walker take the title from Flowers. It also saw the Taylor-Rosenberg mess and the big fire.

Still, Chicago saw the Army-Navy football game, which from all accounts was the greatest fight ever staged there.

Things must be very slow over on the other side. Every ship docking in Hoboken or New York brings a fresh flock of fighters or what have you from the other side. Germany, France, Norway, Spain, Sweden and England have shipped all their fistic ivory to the land of plenty of suckers.

NOW WE ARE THREATENED WITH A VISIT FROM PHIL SCOTT, THE SUCCESSOR OF JOE BECKETT TO THE HEAVYWEIGHT HORIZONTAL TITLE IN ENGLAND. SCOTT'S GREATEST CLAIM TO FAME IS THAT HE WAS KNOCKED OUT BY PERSSON.

We Await Elky

ELKY CLARK, twenty nine year old flyweight champion of Great Britain, who is coming to fight La Barba, will be watched with great interest. Until five years ago Elky strummed a mandolin in front of Glasgow pubs.

That's what made Elky a flyweight. Can you imagine a bird living off what he could get from Scotchmen as tips?

Well, if we hadn't forgotten! A Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!

SAYS A METROPOLITAN HEADLINE, "AMERICAN STAGE IS DYING." IT'S WONDERFUL HOW MANY LIVES THE STAGE AND THE RING POSSESS. THEY CONSTANTLY ARE BEING KILLED, YET THEY FLOURISH AS THEY NEVER FLOURISHED BEORE.

The passing of Flowers removed the last of the negro champions from the ring list. It was a tough year for the black race, with the Tiger dethroned, Chick Suggs walloped by Bushy Graham and then Finnegan, and Harry Wills whipped by Jack Sharkey.

Flowers remains the only negro contender,—and it's a question how long he will contend.

What has happened to the negro as a fighter? He is at his lowest level in professional ring efficiency.

The boys hang around the movies and yawn for another Gans.

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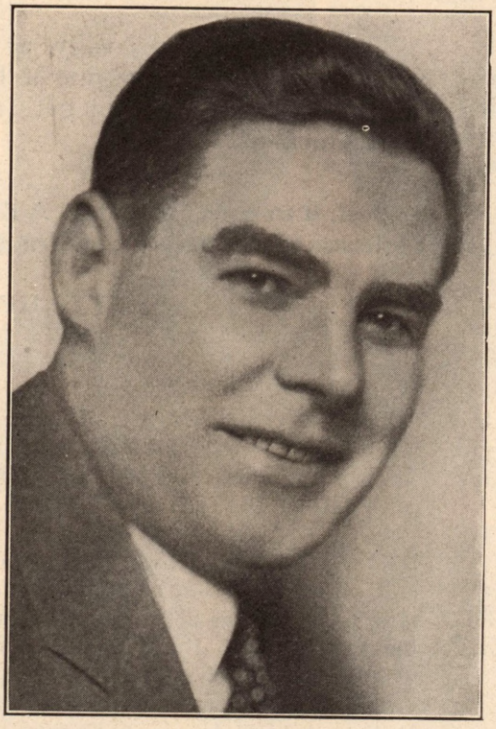

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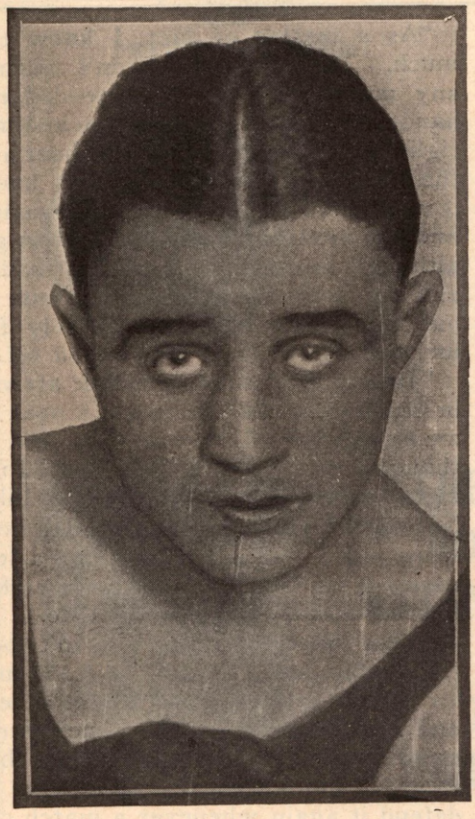

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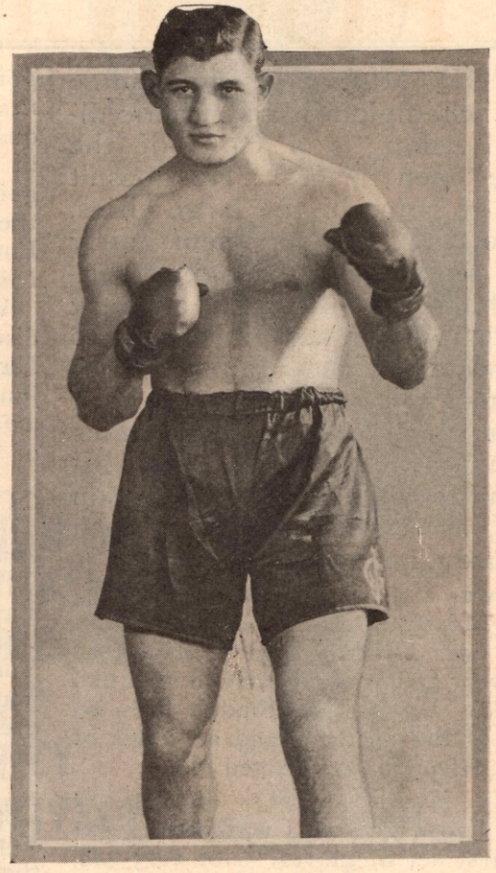

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Tod Morgan, the Child of the Open Spaces

By FRANK GRAHAM

TOD MORGAN, a genuine champion in a synthetic division, is a child of the wide open spaces. He doesn't feel at home in the large cities, although he likes them fairly well and usually manages to enjoy himself in them, but at every opportunity, takes himself off to the woods or the mountain lakes to hunt and fish. Tod was born on a ranch about eighty miles from Seattle and that he has led an outdoor life is the main reason why, at twenty-two, he is such a sturdy, healthy little chap.

"I was a sickly kid," he said recently. "Mostly it was the croup. More than once I nearly died of it and up to a year ago or so I nearly always had a cold. I guess if I hadn't been so fond of the open air and all kinds of sport I would have passed out.

"My favorite sport? Boxing. I don't know how old I was when I got my first set of gloves. Not very old, you may be sure. I always had them handy and I'd box for fun or settle disputes with the gloves when I was at school.

"I like baseball and football and basketball, too, though I usually was too small to make the school teams. But next to boxing I like skating best. I bought a new pair of skates the other day and I mean to use them a lot this winter on the lakes around Chicago, where I think I'll make my headquarters."

TOD, one might say, is a widely educated young man. In the process of learning to read and write and count up houses he took in a tremendous territory.

"Our family was always on the move when I was a kid," he said. "If I told you all the places I've lived, you'd think I was reading aloud from a Rand and McNally. I guess I went to more schools than any other kid in the world and I ought to be an expert on the educational systems in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, California and points East.

"Before I quit sampling them I had got half way through high school. My nearest approach to college is my acquaintance with the fraternity houses in Chicago. I've got a lot of friends going to college there and say, they're the swellest bunch of kids I know. Lots of times when I go into Chicago I live in one of the fraternity houses."

With the heavyweight champion discussing G. Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, Samuel Butler, et al, and the junior lightweight champion living in a fraternity house, truly, the business of boxing is looking up intellectually!

THE roaming Morgans had reached California when Tod began to box professionally.

"It was in Vallejo" he said, "that I started. That's why a lot of people think I came from Vallejo originally. You know how it is. They announce you as being from a certain place and everybody assumes you were born there.

"After I'd won a few bouts there, I began to drift around, boxing at Vernon, Los Angeles, Oakland, and then jumping up the Coast once in a while. I was on the move most of the time—and I'm still on the move. I've made four round trips to the Coast in the last year and sometimes I think I'm commuting between New York and Chicago."

Tod has only one mark of the ring on his face and this is so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. He had his nose broken once and when your attention is called to the fact, you can recognize it, although the chances are you wouldn't have suspected it. For the rest his features are as they were in the beginning. There is no blurring of the lines of the mouth because of thickened lips, no bulging at the eyebrows, not even a trace of cauliflower on the ears. He explained the broken nose.

"I GOT it in a gymnasium in Oakland," he said. "I had eight bouts in thirty days and was finishing my training for the ninth, to be held the following night. I was boxing with another kid, and, slipping, went to my hands and knees. When I got up, I knew enough to shake hands before resuming.

"As a matter of fact, I knew too much. The other kid hadn't learned any manners, and as I extended my hands to shake his, he smacked me right on the nose. The blow hurt and the nose bled a lot but I didn't know it was broken. I went right on boxing and the next night I was ready to go, although my nose was swollen badly, and my hands were so sore it hurt to put the gloves on. Fortunately for me, the whole show was called off.

"Just at that time my father arrived in Oakland, and when he got a peek at me he was scared. He said I looked as though I was dying and he hustled me right out of town and up into the hills. Not until I got here did I realize how worn out I was. It taught me a lesson, you can bet, and I'm off the eight-bouts-a-month program for life.

"That doesn't mean I won't box reasonably often. I have held the junior lightweight title just about a year and I've defended it four times in decision bouts, which isn't such a bad record. Furthermore, I am eager to defend it again whenever a match can be made for me and I'd like a shot at the lightweight title."

"NO chance," sighed Frank Churchill, Tod's manager. "No chance. That Mandell won't give you a look in."

"Oh, I guess he will, when he gets around to it," laughed Morgan. "I'd box him to-morrow if I could, but we can afford to wait awhile."

"Do you have any trouble making 130 pounds?"

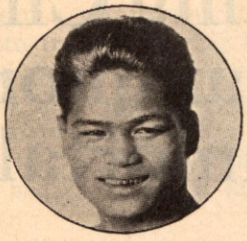
"None," he said, and it looks as though this were the case since he is small boned and sound of flesh.

"I'm never very far out of training," he said. "Between bouts, I'm out in the hills or at the lakes as much as possible, and even when I'm in the cities I do a lot of walking. I take on only a few pounds and these come off easily when I start to work."

"It's a good thing he doesn't take on weight quickly," offered Churchill, "because for a little guy he can eat more than anybody I ever saw."

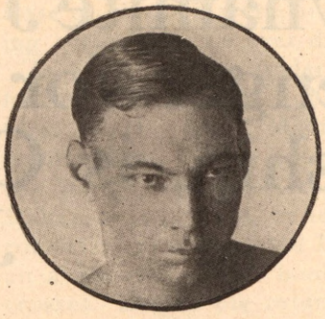
"My eating worries Mr. Churchill," grinned Morgan. "He says I might as

(*Continued on page* 33)



PETE SARMIENTO

FRANK CHURCHILL



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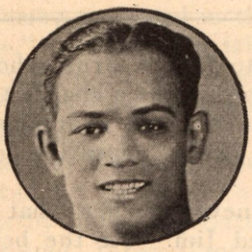

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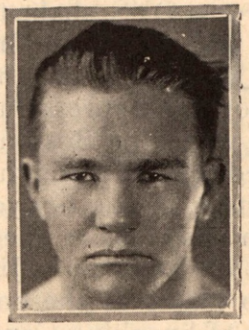

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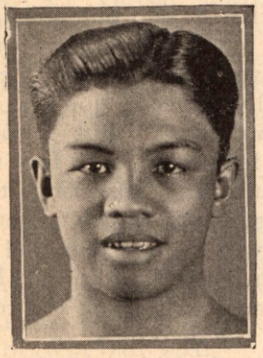

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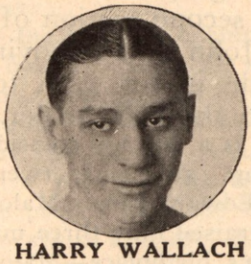


HARRY WALLACH

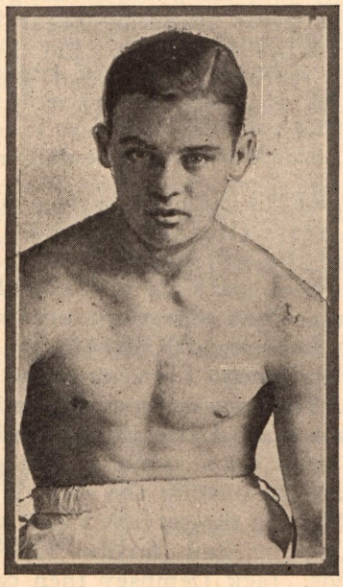
THE GREATEST AGGREGATION OF BOXING TALENT IN THE WORLD EXTENDS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE FISTIC FRATERNITY INDIVIDUALLY AND COLLECTIVELY

FRANK A. CHURCHILL

GARRICK BUILDING, CHICAGO

SAMMY SHACK

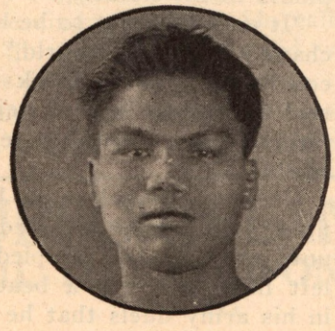
Representatives:
BILL MILLER
WHITEY EKWERT



TOD MORGAN

PHONES:
Day: Dearborn 2197
Night: Sunnyside 1077

LEN MALODY



SNAKE AGUINALDO

TIGER BURNS

Dynamite Jim Maloney, Leading Challenger for Heavyweight Championship, is Counterpart of Immortal John L. Sullivan

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

"BOYS, shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sull-i-van!" used to be a popular expression forty years ago when the Boston Strong Boy ruled the heavyweight division.

Inside of another year fistic fandom may shake the bowlderlike fist of Dynamite Jim Maloney, who looms as the only man capable of knocking Gene Tunney off his high perch. Slowly but surely the second edition of the immortal John L. is removing every obstacle in his path to a meeting with the title holder.

It is a strange coincidence that the young, strapping twenty-three-year old Edward James Maloney was born and raised only three miles from Sullivan's birthplace—Maloney at South Boston and John L. at Roxbury. Likewise, you may be surprised to learn that big Jim is a counterpart of the man who made fight history when Maloney's dad was a boy.

The leading challenger for the heavyweight championship is built along the lines of Sullivan, with the same flaming aggressiveness and pugnacity that carried John L. to his many triumphs. Maloney tears out at his foe at the opening gong and his main object is to batter him down to the boards. Sullivan knocked all the fight out of his opponents in the first round.

In size and weight however, Maloney stands one and one-quarter inches taller and is four pounds heavier than John L. was in his heyday. Sullivan scaled 196 to 200 for Maloney and was five feet, ten and one-half inches tall to five feet, eleven and three-quarters for James.

A Born Battler

MALONEY is a natural fighter. He was scarcely fifteen years old when he "crashed" his way into the big war, meaning that he lied about his age. He enlisted because he saw so many of his pals rally to the call to arms. Although he didn't go across Jim had two experiences in the army that will live long in his memory.

While stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, he got an opportunity to box with Jack Dempsey which gave him his greatest thrill, and before he discarded the khaki James made such a beautiful showing in his uniform that he looked almost as good to Miss Clara Schultz as the Miss did to the young Irishman.

It was a treat to listen to Jim relate his adventures.

"When I was a little over fifteen, Uncle Sam had entered the World War," he began. "For my age I was a large boy, weighing 165 pounds. I knew that it was necessary for one to be eighteen years of age to enter the service. One by one the boys in South Boston answered the call to the colors. As I saw my friends marching away, perhaps never to return, I determined that I, too, should go forth on the great adventure regardless of the fact that I was only a kid. I sought out a recruiting office and was soon Private Jim Maloney, U. S. Army.

Won Army Laurels

"I REMAINED in service for two years after the war ended," continued the soft-spoken Bostonian, his Celtic eyes sparkling with good humor. "I entered an amateur tournament at Fort Leavenworth where my outfit was stationed. I was crowned champion. This was quite an honor for me at that time. I also played football on our army team, while I won several medals for putting the shot.

"While in the service, I kept putting on weight and finally scaled 195 pounds. Jack Dempsey then came to Kansas City. I was about eighteen years old at the time. I asked for a chance to box him a three-round bout. I appealed to Jack Kearns, who readily agreed to give me a chance to swap blows with the then champion. The two Jacks were appearing on the stage.

"I shall never forget that bout," reminiscened Jim. "At the bell Jack rushed me and dropped me to the canvas with a left hook to the jaw. I was too startled to be freightened. I was somewhat dazed, but managed to regain my feet at the count of nine. Dempsey came rushing at me, then stopped and whispered 'don't be afraid, I won't hurt you.' But I took no chances. I let him have a few rights. There wasn't any direction to my punches, just a wild desire to get even. Anyhow I was on my feet and fighting when the third heat ended. Dempsey patted me on the back and told me that I had the makings of a great fighter. I thanked him.

His Best Match

"I SCORED my greatest victory," Jim was warming up to his subject. "I won Mrs. Maloney. Her home is in Wisconsin. Her father is in the government service and his duties brought him to our fort. It was a case of love at first sight and we got married. It was the best match I ever made. No matter how things may be going in the boxing game, I know I shall always have sunshine and happiness in my home.

"It may be great to be heavyweight champion of the world," he said in conclusion, "but I think I get more real enjoyment out of being a proud father than anything else in the world."

Jim had no idea of becoming a fighter before he enlisted. It wasn't until after he had sampled Dempsey's left hook and got a beating or two in his army duels that he thought up the idea of taking up the manly art seriously. He had a wife to support. It was a case of all going out and

nothing coming in. So Shamus had to go to work.

Immediately upon his return home Maloney got a job driving one of his uncle's auto trucks. During the lunch hour he would go to one of the gyms. He opened the eyes of some of the hanger-ons with his clouting. He used to make the "bladder," meaning the punching bag, roar with his terrific smashes.

He participated in a few amateur tournaments knocking out eight of nine opponents he faced.

"You're too good in the simon pure ranks," whispered a friend. "I'd advise you to go after the money. You have everything—speed and the punch particularly."

Maloney heeded the advice. He celebrated his debut in the professional ranks by flattening Battling Hantz in one round. When Hantz recovered his senses he discovered that two of his ribs had been crushed. That was in 1924. In eleven more starts Jim scored five kayos and whipped Wolf Larsen, Sully Montgomery and Jack Sharkey in the bargain. Wonderful start? You said a mouthful.

Dad Wants to be Shown

AFTER his second fight on big time Tom Maloney became interested in his son's fistic endeavors. One day he appeared in the gym. He watched his brawny boy spar.

"I'm from Tipperary and I've got to be shown," answered Jim's dad when he was told that his boy had the makings of a champion.

They put on an impromptu scrap calling one Neddo Flannagan from the floor to put young Maloney to the test for his father's edification. Neddo weighed 185. As luck would have it Flannagan gave Jim a good lathering.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Tom Maloney, "If that's the best he can do, take a licking, I'd advise him to quit."

Maloney begged Flannagan to fight him in the ring. When Neddo called his bluff the first thing Jim did was to buy his father a ringside seat.

"I'll knock him right into your lap," Jim promised his father. Sure enough Maloney turned the trick in two rounds.

"I've seen a lot of good fighters in my time," Tom Maloney admitted, "but the performance you turned in tonight makes me believe that some day you'll be a champion."

From that day to this Tom Maloney hasn't missed a fight his son has been in.

The Sharkey Question

THE day is not far distant when Maloney and Jack Sharkey will clash for the fourth time to settle the question of supremacy once and for all. In their first meeting when Jim was as green as paddy's pig in so far as boxing experience was concerned, he astounded the Hub critics and fans alike by whipping his greatest rival.

The fight was such a good one that they were rematched. Maloney scored eight knockdowns and was winging in front all by himself when he committed the unpardonable foul in the ninth round. A week before the third setto Jim was as sick as a dog but rather than disappoint the packed house he got up out of bed on the day of battle and gamely climbed through the ropes. Although a physical wreck from the effects of drinking skim milk which he was told would help to reduce his weight, Jim slaughtered Jack in the first four rounds. He was as weak as a cat entering the fifth. From then on Sharkey gained the upper hand.

One of the Boston promoters recently offered $30,000 for another Maloney-Sharkey fight but up to this writing Sharkey's manager hasn't accepted the terms. Maloney will fight him on a moment's notice.

Because of some difficulties with his manager Maloney decided to hang up his gloves. He was out for seven months this year. Friends patched up their differences. He returned to the resin canvas several weeks ago and in his first three fights walloped the daylights out of Joe Stoessel, the Englishman Cook and Charley Weinert.

In Capable Hands

DAN CARROLL, famous referee, promoter and manager and one of the most popular sportsmen in the state of Massachusetts, purchased Maloney's contract. Since tieing up with Carroll Maloney has had a new lease of life, as it were, and he is fighting better than he ever did before.

In his first start under the Carroll banner Jim electrified 20,000 spectators in the new Madison Square Garden, New York, by knocking out the highly touted Arthur De Kuh, Italian heavyweight, in less than two rounds. Jim annihilated De Kuh with an avalanche of left hooks and right crosses. Before the referee humanely intervened De Kuh kissed the canvas eight times. It was one of the most thrilling spectacles seen since the Dempsey-Firpo debacle. Every mother's son in Tex Rickard's arena stood up yelling madly as Maloney ripped the big Italian to shreds.

A week or two after the De Kuh victory Jim trekked to Buffalo where he knocked the skids from under Tony Stabneau's legs in twenty-six seconds. He returned to New York on the evening of December 3 to enjoy a good workout at the expense of the human punching bag contained in the hefty Franz Diener.

Jim gave the German champion an unmerciful licking. He didn't want to take a chance hurting his hands on Diener's granite dome and iron body for the good reason that he has several lucrative engagements in front of him. He played with the German like a cat does with a mouse. Maloney gave the customers a few thrills in the first two rounds, then he eased up and smacked Diener around to his heart's content.

Now Maloney and Carroll are all set for Tunney. They are embarked on a campaign to force recognition from Gene, and a shot at the title.

Boston sees another Sullivan rising to the heights.

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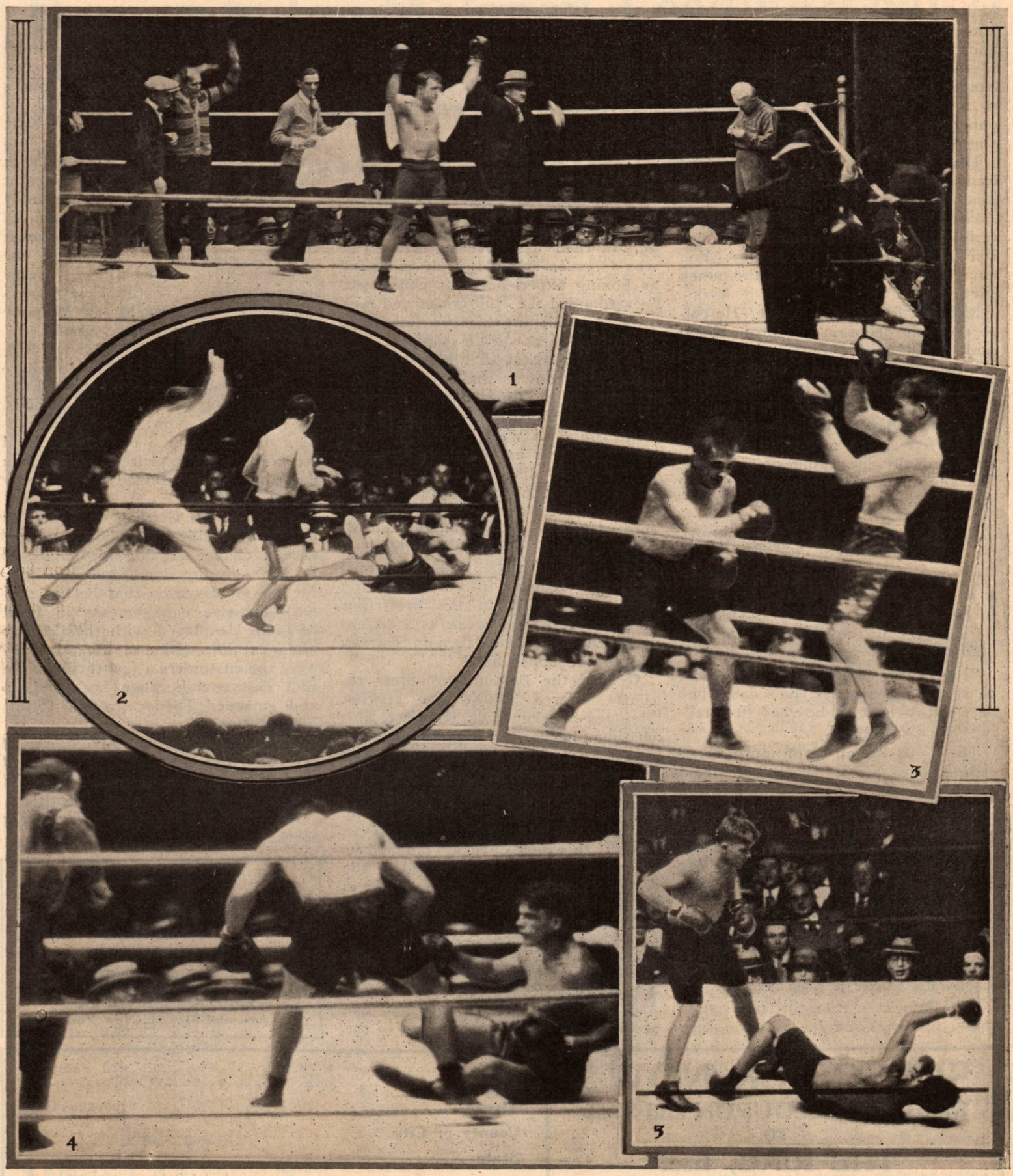
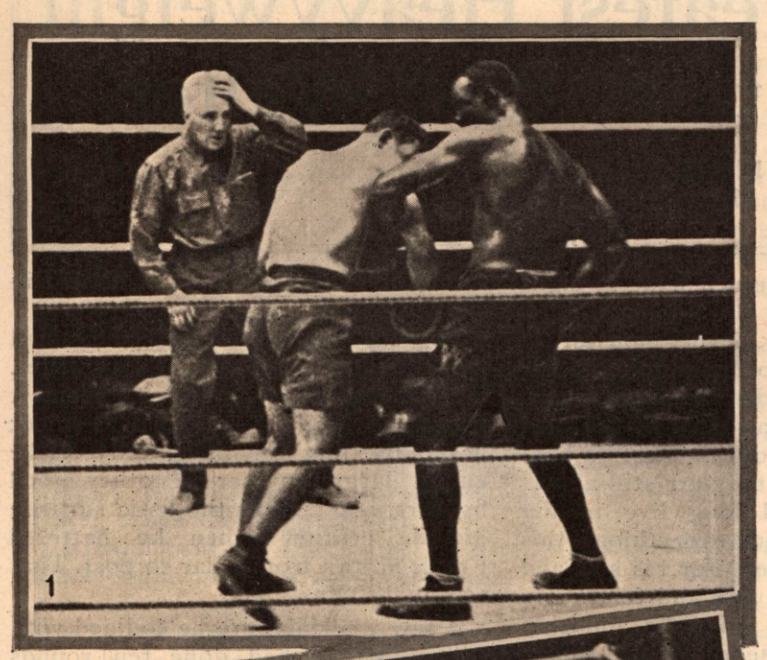
Five Battles That Made Ring History in 1926



No. 1—Boston Jack Sharkey being declared the winner over Harry Wills at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, on a foul in the thirteenth round. No. 2—Bobby Garcia floored for the seventh time by Louis (Kid) Kaplan. The bout was stopped in the tenth round at Hartford, Conn. No. 3—Paul Berlenbach in his typical crouch with Jack Delaney ready to ward off Oom Paul's body attack. Delaney dethroned Paul for the light heavyweight championship. No. 4—Young Stribling floored by Berlenbach in one-sided fight at Yankee Stadium. No. 5—Berlenbach knocked down by Johnny Risko in the first few seconds of their Garden bout. A left hook floored Berly.

Six Bouts That Held Public Interest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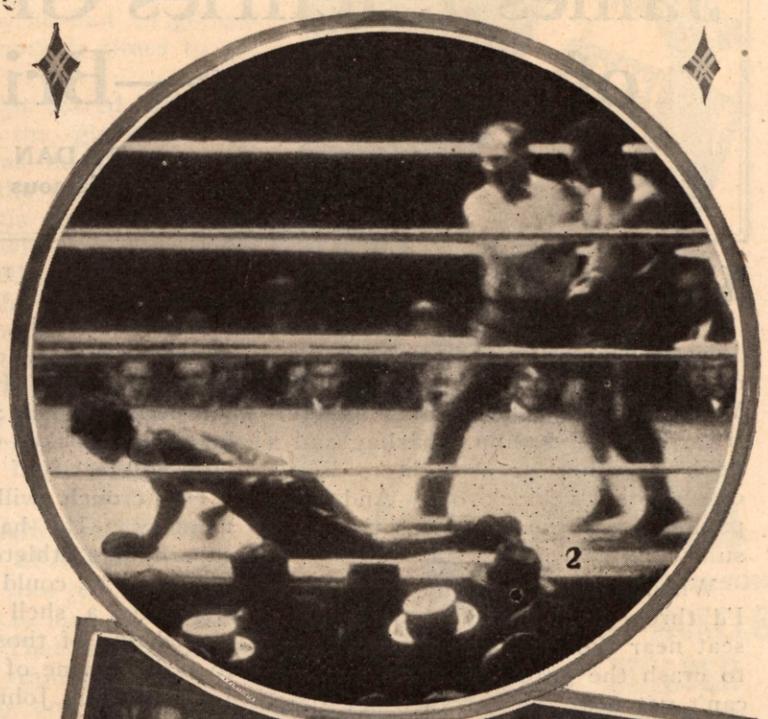
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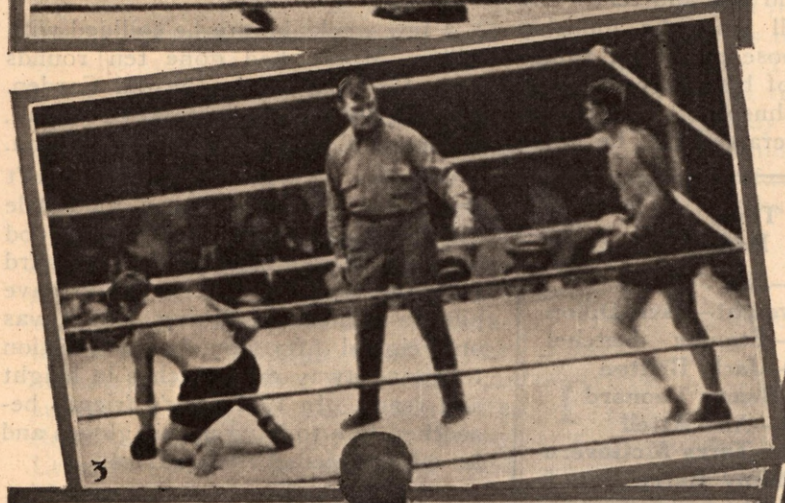
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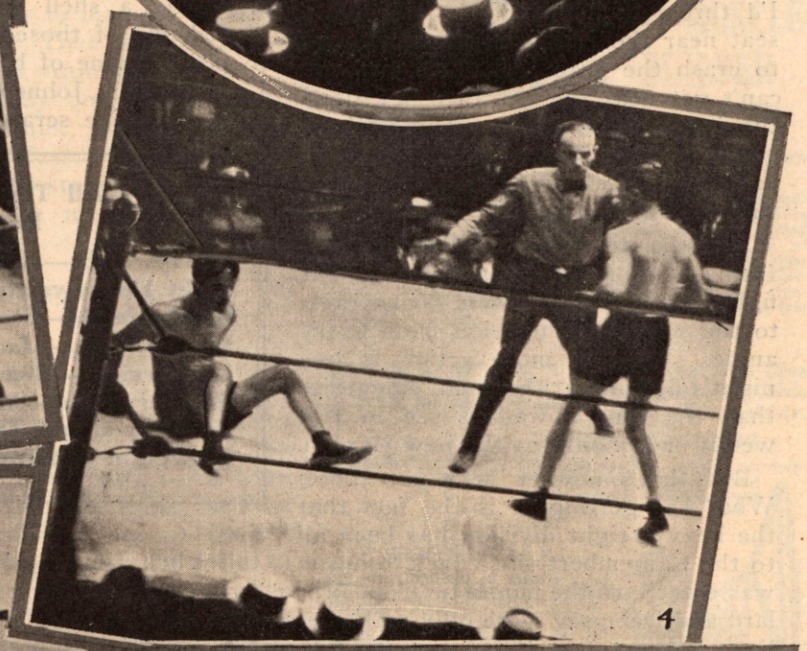
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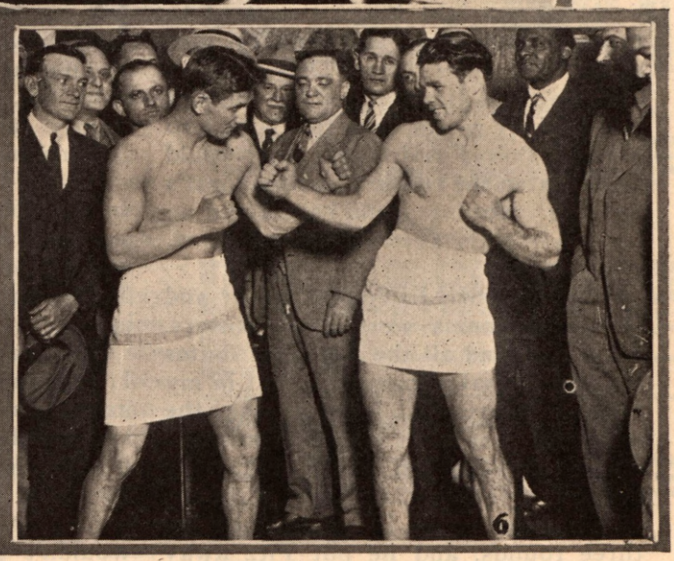
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1—Referee Patsy Haley gets a headache separating Wills and Sharkey. Wills is here shown holding with his left and getting ready for a body blow with the right. 2—Pete Latzo knocks Willie Harmon out for a goal in Newark battle. 3—Pete Latzo fouled by Georgie Levine in fourth round of bout at Polo Grounds. 4—Tod Morgan retains his title in bout with Steve Kid Sullivan at Ebbets Field. Sullivan's seconds threw in the towel in sixth round. 5—Harry Greb on the floor after a scrimmage with Tiger Flowers in Madison Square Garden in return battle. 6—Pete Latzo and Mickey Walker after weighing in for their bout in Scranton in which Latzo dethroned Mickey and won the welter crown.

James J. Jeffries Greatest Heavyweight of All Time—Britton, Best Welter

By DAN MORGAN
(Famous Manager)

WHEN I look over the present crop of heavies, I sigh for the days when I used to trolley down to Coney Island from First Avenue and Fourteenth Street in New York City with the mob to see Jeffries, Corbett, Ruhlin, Sharkey and a flock of other great fighters knock one another's block off. And all I paid to see these stars was the small sum of fifty cents!

When I happened to be a bit flush, I'd throw in a two buck note for a seat near the ringside. It was tough to crash the gate then, but now you can't get near the entrance, let alone the inside of a bowl or ball park to see the Giants in championship action unless you fork over $5 to $50. How times have changed!

But the times have changed only from a monetary standpoint. The fighters of yesterday were far superior to the present generation from every angle. We saw more action in one night's fighting at the small sluggeries than the fans nowadays see in two weeks or a month at the new Garden.

But that's neither here nor there. What I'm getting at is the fact that the heavyweight division has been all to the Camembert since Jack Johnson was erased off the pugilistic map. Willard and Dempsey were only make believe heavyweight kings compared to their predecessors, and Tunney also ranks with same class. They couldn't have knocked Jim Jeffries' hat off, and Jim Corbett would have tied both into knots. Bob Fitzsimmons too, could have beaten the trio in as many night's fighting. Not one could have stood up for ten rounds against Ruby Robert.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, Corbett and Fitzsimmons were great hitters. They also had all the other attributes that go to make champions, but in my opinion James J. Jeffries was the daddy of 'em all. Make no mistake about that—old Jeff was in a class by himself. Jeff knocked out Corbett, who had dethroned John L., in twenty-three rounds, and he put Fitz away in eleven heats. To prove his superiority over the lanky Cornishman, Jeff kayoed him in a return bout in eight stanzas.

He was a big, clever monster, a punching fool who could take it for hours at a clip. His left hook was a murderous punch as most of the men he either knocked out or put in a hospital will testify if they are still alive.

His crouch will long live in my memory. He had everything—this superhuman athlete. For his size and poundage he could box and feint. He was only a shell when he foolishly played one of those comeback things to satisfy some of his alleged friends. I realize Jack Johnson was a wonderfully defensive scrapper but he never lived to see the day he could whip Jeff when Jim was at the peak of his form.

Morgan's All Time Boxing Selections

Heavyweight—Jim Jeffries
Light Heavyweight—Jack Dillon
Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel
Welterweight—Jack Britton
Lightweight—Benny Leonard
Featherweight—Abe Attell
Bantamweight—Terry McGovern
Flyweight—Jimmy Barry

IN my thirty-three years of association with the manly art, I never dropped my eyes on a better all around light heavyweight than Jack Dillon, rightly nicknamed Giant-Killer, of Indianapolis. Take my word for it he was a t-u-r-r-u-b-l-e man. He used to weigh 160 pounds and at this low poundage he used to bowl over heavies like nobody else could. He stood five feet seven one-half inches in his stocking feet.

You may be surprised to learn that I was once a box-fighter. I fought in the amateur and professional ranks and stood up under fire in many bruising battles at the Pelican A. C. in Brooklyn where you had to fight every second you were in there or you wouldn't get a dime. Therefore, I know what I am talking about when I reiterate that there never was a better light heavyweight than little Dillon.

For his height, weight and small reach, Dillon was a tremendous hitter. He knocked out Charley Weinert when the Newark Adonis was good; licked Battling Levinsky, Billy Miske and a large number of other good fighters, and sprung the fistic surprise of the century when he battered Frank Moran from pillar to post. That was in 1916.

A few weeks before he collided with Dillon, Moran had gone ten rounds with Jess Willard in the old Garden. Although the majority favored Moran, there were many who fancied Dillon.

Whether it was because he didn't get in shape, figuring that a good little man couldn't whip a fairly big good big man, Moran didn't train very hard with the result that little Dillon gave him an unmerciful licking. Dillon was outweighed fifty pounds, in addition to giving away many inches in height and reach. In 1921 Jack's friends beseeched him to hang up his gloves and he wisely heeded their advice.

THERE were many wonderful middleweights, but I have no hesitancy selecting the late Stanley Ketchel over all. He was a shifty fighter, could punch with the strength of a heavyweight, and was game to the core.

He didn't take training seriously, he was just a play boy. Once in the ring, however, Ketchel was a maniac. He was a sort of a Dr. Jekyl-Mr. Hyde character. Outside the ring he was as gentle as a kitten, made friends rapidly. But after they put the gloves on him, he was rarin' to go.

It will be remembered that he bowled over two heavyweights on one night. His middle name was fight. He feared no man. Weight, height and reach didn't mean anything in his young life.

Recollect his marvellous kayo over Philadelphia Jack O'Brien? Wasn't it a peach? He came from behind, to lick a man who was considered nobody's fool. In a return bout he spilled Jack for the long count.

I remember the night Ketchel fought Porky Flynn. Porky was scared stiff. Steve knocked him as cold as the proverbial mackeral. When his seconds attempted to throw water on the prostrate form, Ketchel leaped out of his corner, grabbed the water bucket and dumped it on Porky. "He'll never get up," Ketchel assured Flynn's handlers.

SOME of the experts will take issue with me on picking Jack Britton as the greatest welterweight of all time. They will state that because I managed him, I selected him over such hitters and master boxers as Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Honey Mellody, Mike (Twin) Sullivan and Jimmy Clabby, but I stand on my "rights."

Britton held the title when he was thirty-eight years of age and fought any and everybody. He was one of the cleverest and most scientific fighters who ever put on the gloves. I don't know whether he could have beaten some of the men I have listed above but I'll say that none of them could have beaten him.

Now we come to the lightweights. I didn't see much of Joe Gans, but I do know that he was a flat-footed fighter who was very colorless. He was strictly a defensive fighter. Corking feinter. Although most of the oldtimers agree that Gans had no superior, I beg to take issue with them. I unhesitatingly pick Benny Leonard over the so-called Old Master.

Benny was a marvellous boxer, on a par with Britton, but he could hit harder than Jack and certainly harder than Gans. He was lightning fast on his feet, could step in and out and feint almost as good as Gans. He had everything, punch, speed and brains. He wouldn't knock a man goofy with one punch. He'd daze him first with a fusillade of lefts and rights, and once he had him groggy, Benny would step in and put on the finishing touches.

ABE ATTELL was in a class by himself among the featherweights. He was a wonderfully clever boxer and could punch. He had to go out of his class time and time again to earn his livelihood. He outpointed the great Battling Nelson in six rounds and in another bout, Abie held him to a draw in fifteen hard fought sessions.

I must give Terry McGovern the bantamweight niche. He was the fastest hitter I have ever seen. He may not have had all the science that was to be had but he had enough to make some of the clever boys run to cover.

He could hit from every angle. Like Attell and Dillon, he had to go out of his class innumerable times to get work.

He was the most feared little man who ever laced the gloves on his hands. There was no stopping him after the tap of the first bell. I saw him in most of his great fights. He had a chance to win by a kayo right up to the last bell.

Another great hitter was concealed in the little person of Jimmy Barry than whom there never was a greater flyweight. He could have beaten boys like Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro and Fidel La Barba with one hand tied around his back.

TOD MORGAN, CHILD OF OPEN SPACES

(*Continued from page 26*)

well get drunk as to load my stomach the way I do. That is, of course, when I'm not in training."

"He is the only one I ever saw," continued Churchill, "who eats fried oysters for breakfast."

"Now, Mr. Churchill," Tod protested, "you saw me do that only once."

enough."

"Once," observed Churchill, "is enough."

TOD'S favorite diversion is the theatre.

'I try to see all the good shows wherever I am," he said, "but it's impossible when I'm training for a bout. I can't go in the afternoon because I'm in the gymnasium then and I can't go in the evening, because I have to be in bed by ten o'clock. So I have to be content with going to the movies in the late afternoon or the early evening. Else I stay in and play pinochle with my trainer."

"And I take him regularly," volunteered the trainer.

"Is that so?" asked Morgan.

"Yes," emphatically. 'That is so. You may be a champion in the ring but at pinochle you are just a palooka."

No man is a hero to his valet, they say. Obviously here is a champion who is no hero to his trainer once the cards are cut and dealt. As this writer was about to take his leave, the trainer was unearthing a deck from a bureau drawer and one got the impression he was licking his chops ready to spring on his prey.

Morgan is a quiet chap of an unassuming nature, a fellow of the type that is a credit to the boxing game.

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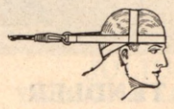

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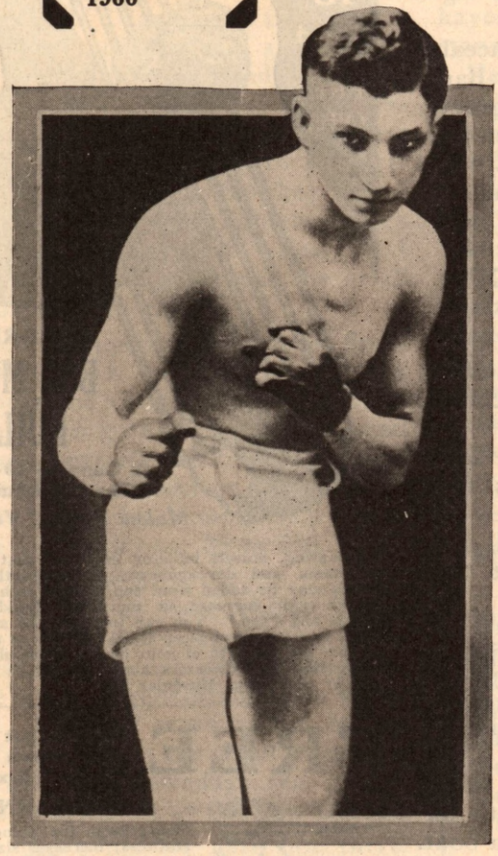

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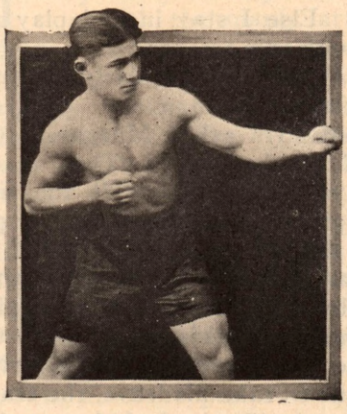

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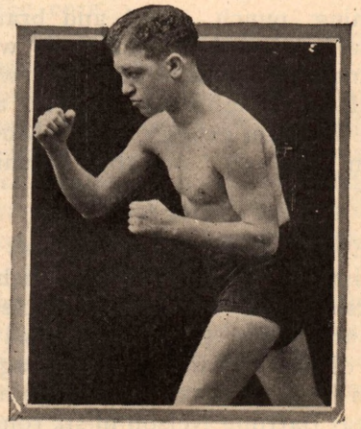

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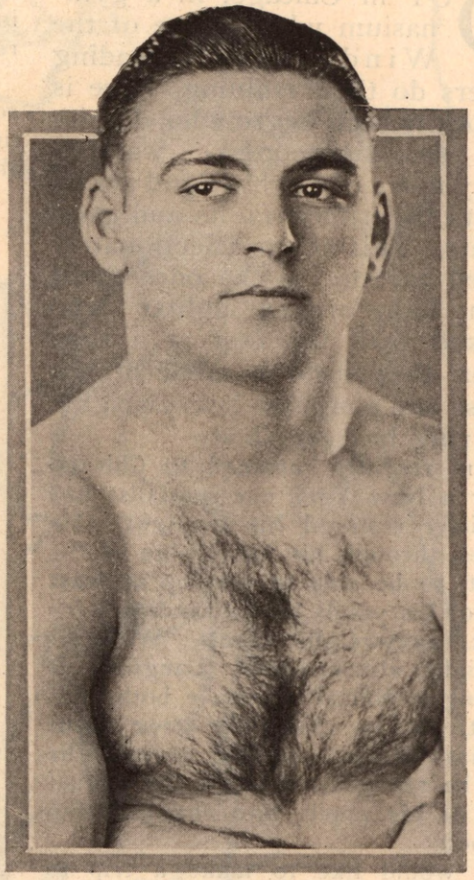

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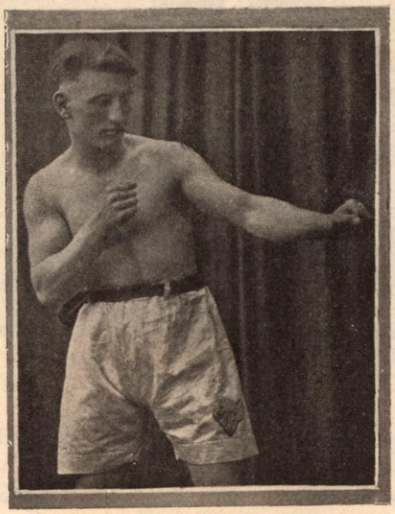

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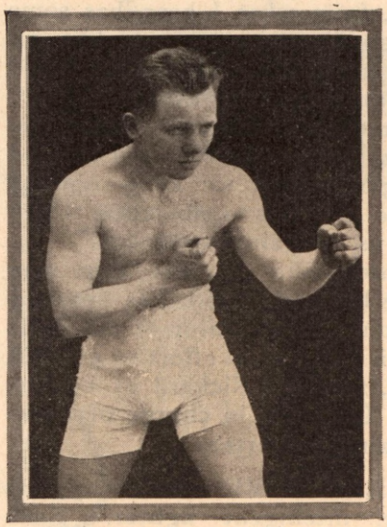

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The Modern Gladiator

Sam Langford in His Heyday Resembled the Ancient Greek Fighter

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

OUT in Chicago, in a gymnasium where some of the Windy City's leading boxers do their training, there is a stockily built negro who, despite his near-sightedness, watches every move of the boys and points out to them their faults and good points. This negro, affectionately hailed as Sam, is the once great Sam Langford, a fighter who ranked with the best at a time when the world boasted of the finest and toughest heavyweights the ring has ever had.

Sam recently returned to Chicago after a New York eye specialist had partially restored his eyesight. He hopes, through his knowledge of the sport, to be able to develop at least one of his pupils into a candidate for light heavyweight laurels. With his eyesight almost gone, Langford is finding it difficult to make both ends meet, yet he cheerfully goes about his task in the hope that someday he will be rewarded through the rise of one of his pupils into championship timber.

"I would like to make a trip to France, the scene of many of my famous battles, and there pursue the duties of an instructor," says Sam. "France, from what I hear, has some pretty good prospects, but, like all foreign countries, what they need most is an American teacher.

"Our method is the only proper one. We know how to develop science and hitting power and we know how to train and it is this combination which enables us to gain supremacy."

The probability is that Sam may yet have his wish fulfilled as Sparrow Robertson, Sports Editor of the Paris Herald, is making an effort to get Jeff Dickson, the Tex Rickard of France, to place Langford in charge of Dickson's training quarters.

SAM LANGFORD was an aggressive, intelligent fighter. Even now, with partial blindness, Langford writes legibly and well. In his prime, he was an excellent and typical specimen of his race. A few years ago, a well known artist, seeing Sam in his dressing room after his battle with Tony Caponi, whom he knocked out in three rounds in New York City, remarked:

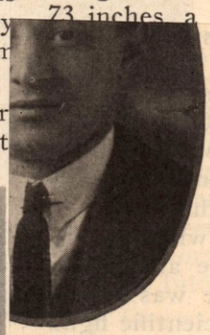
"Divest him of his attire, encase his solid hands in the cestus, and every line, every movement, would proclaim the gladiator."

Sam Langford was a born warrior a natural fighter from head to foot

Sam Langford

The firmly poised neck, supported by a shoulder structure as pliable as it was massive, furnished the index to this scientific battering ram.

Jack London, in his wonderful description of the Tommy Burns-Jack Johnson fight for the old New York Herald, commenting upon Burns' breadth of shoulder, described the Canadian as a human triangle. This metaphor well suited Langford. He stood but 5 feet 6 inches, yet his chest expansion was within a shade of 47 inches with a normal size of 44 inches. In this he resembled another famous negro fighter, the great Joe Walcott, who while never fighting above the welterweight scale, had a chest measurement well over 40. Langford's outstretched arms covered 73 inches, a phenomenal span.



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good contests as thereafter a few white heavyweights besides the negro, Johnson, placed him on the black list and never again would fight Langford. No money in the world could get Jack Johnson to give Langford a return bout and this was particularly true after Jack won the world's title.

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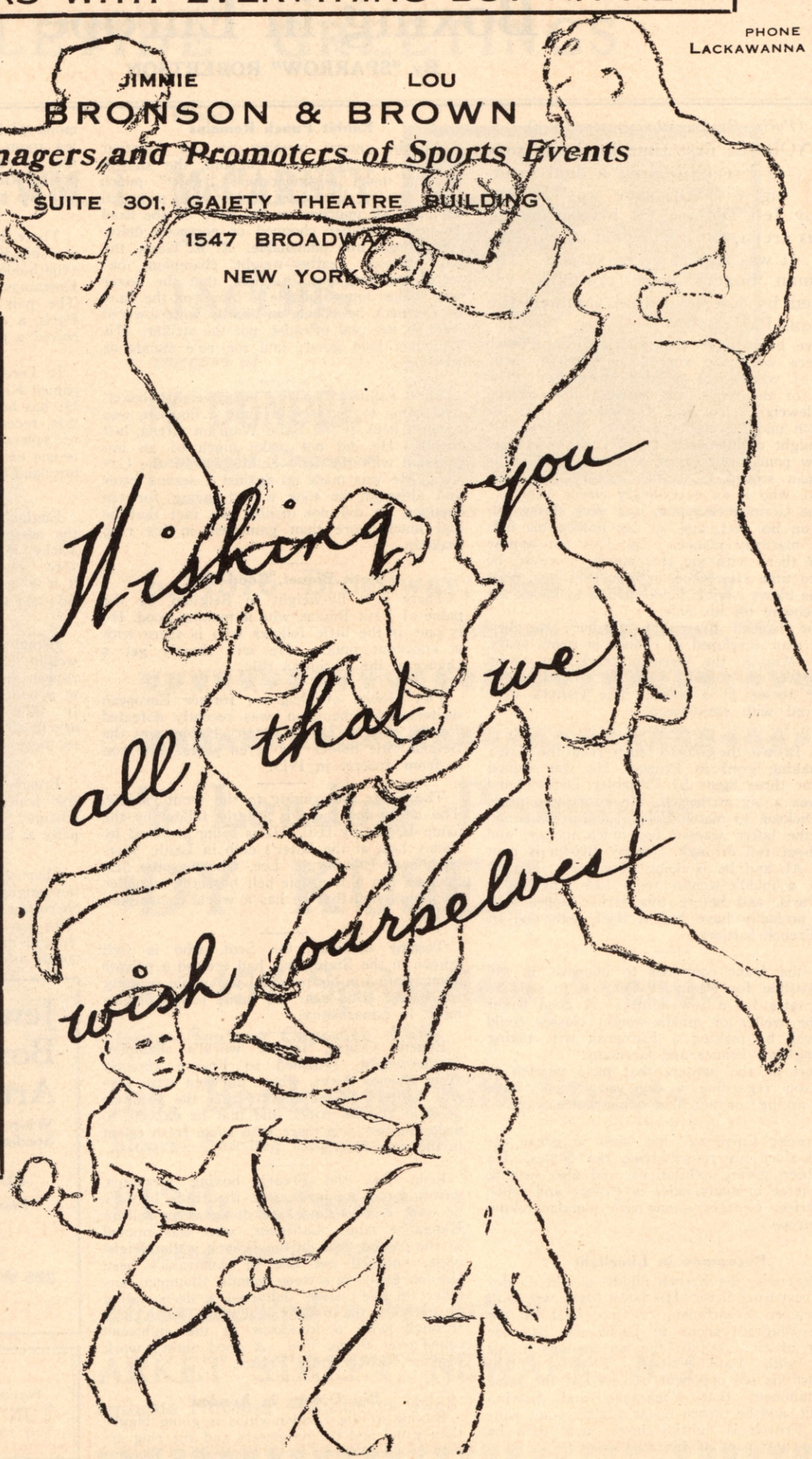


Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

(Paris—By Special Correspondence)

FOR the first time in the history of French boxing a dual meeting with Germany was promoted by Jeff Dickson, at his Cirque de Paris arena, the latter part of November. It was a pronounced success. The German boxers were cordially received by a crowd that jammed the famous Paris palace.

Five bouts were contested and the French battlers were the victors in four of them, one of which was decided on a foul. The fight of the night was between the German middleweight champion, Domgoergen, and the French middle-weight champion, Romerio. On the night of the fight the French boxer had a few pounds the better of the weights. The German scored a decisive victory over Romerio, who is an exceedingly clever fighter.

The German champion is a very shifty fellow on his feet, and he can handle his fists in a masterly manner. He does not appear to be there with the stiff punch, however, he landed time after time on Romerio's jaw, none of the blows having force enough to knock the Frenchman off his pins.

The French fly-weight, Pladner, the best little man developed in France in many years, gave Minow, the German crack, an awful lacing for six rounds, when the second of the latter tossed in a towel. The visitors were received with enthusiasm.

Al. Brown, the colored boxer from the States, is making good in France. He was signed up for three fights by Promoter Dickson and he was a big attraction. An effort was made by Dickson to match Brown against Mascart, but the latter wanted too much money, and the bout fell through. Jimmy Brown is over with Al, and he is doing very well. Tommy Carr, a middle-weight from Los Angeles, is in Paris, and before this article appears he will probably have had a trial with one of the French battlers.

If the franc continues to improve, it will be possible for Promoter Dickson to send to the States for a few fighters. A good boxer in the welter or middle-weight classes could do well by making a European trip, taking in England, France and Germany.

Most of the fighters that have written to Dickson regarding a trip to Europe have been asking too much in a guarantee way.

Georges Carpentier has been in great demand since his return from the States. He has been giving exhibitions, and also serving as referee in many cities in France and other countries. Georges is one very popular fellow in Europe.

Pegazzano in Limelight

Pegazzano, the French middle-weight, is doing great work here. His latest battle was with the clever Frenchman, Solvino, held at the Salle Wagram arena in Paris. He had the better of eight out of the ten sessions in his bout with Paul Fritsch. Fritsch fought against his old opponent, Alverel, at the same entertainment that Pegazzano and Solvino fought, and he turned up as a good point winner. Fritsch is fighting better now than he did at any part of his ring career.

Rabbit Punch Remains

At the annual meeting of the Amateur Boxing Association of England, the subject of the much misunderstood "rabbit" punch came up for discussion, and it was proposed to make all punches on the back of the head or neck, whether chopped or correctly delivered, illegal and punishable. R. K. Gunn, the old amateur feather-weight champion, objected, pointing out, in effect, that the boxer who makes himself liable to blows on the back of the neck by boring in blindly with lowered head, is the real offender, not the striker. His argument held good; and the rule stands as formerly.

The Eskimo-Russian heavyweight boxer, who came to Paris with quite a flourish, was given a bout at the Salle Wagram Arena, last month. He did not make much of an impression with the fight enthusiasts of the Gay City. He was made up against a second rater and although he took a bad lacing for ten sessions, he did not display the fact that he had much more than gameness in his ring makeup.

Petit Biquet, Good Boy!

There is a fly-weight in Belgium, by the name of Petit Biquet, who is making good. He is one of the little fellows who is there with a knockout punch. He will shortly get a chance at the European title.

Piet Hobin, of Belgium, former European welterweight champion, was recently defeated for the title by Leon Darton. Hobin, was the Belgian title holder for seven years. He won it from Juseret in 1919.

The Scots are coming to the front rapidly. The latest find there is a little fellow by the name of Johnny Hill. He is being groomed by Tancy Lee, at the latter's club in Leith, Scotland, near Edinburgh. Lee, who was the first Scot to win a Lonsdale belt outright, is under the impression that he has a world's champion in Hill.

Tommy Milligan, the Scot, who is well known in the States, has had erected a private gymnasium for his personal use while training for bouts. It is near his home town, Shieldmuir, in Lanarkshire.

Eugene Crique, former world's champion featherweight, returned to France recently from Buenos Aires, where he went wtih several fighters. Gene reports that the game is good in Buenos Aires, and that he expects to make another trip there with some fresh talent in the near future.

Leon See, the French boxing promoter, writes from Australia that the three battlers he took from France are doing very well in Kangaroo land. Laffineur, who was quoted as the coming man in the French welterweight class, knocked out one of Australia's best, Gordon Kelly, in sixteen rounds. Blampain, another of See's tribe, delivered a sleep wallop to Petty in the third round and Thuru came through with a knockout in the eighteenh round over Frank Van. A good night's work for the battlers from France.

Big Doings in London

Boxing at the London clubs is going bigger than usual and the promoters and the ring artists are doing very well financially. The famous old Ring arena has been playing to standing room only for some time. One always is able to receive a good return for the pay in at the Ring. That is one place the boys have to make good.

There is some talk of a European championship fight between Rene Devos of Belgium (the holder) and Barth Molina of the General Descamps stable, for the middle-weight title. The pair met at the Salle Wagram arena, Paris, a couple of months ago and Devos received a point decision over Molina.

In Leeds, England, there is a bantamweight named Kid Nicholson the natives are proud of. He has been featured at the Premierland, London, recently, and he has caused the downfall of several boys of his weight there. "Nick" is one of the best drawing cards that the Premierland has had in many a day.

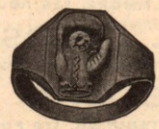
England has some very clever bantams at the present time. Two very classy ones are Micky Hill, of Tooting, and Harold Ratchford. The National Sporting Club of London, it is expected, will promote a contest for the title and the bantamweight belt.

Johnny Curley, the clever English featherweight, had an easy win over the former European champion, Henri Hebrans of Belgium, at a bout held at the Ring of London, recently. The bout went the distance, but it was nearly all through the fifteen sessions in favor of the extremely clever English fighter.

French boxers are in big demand for English bouts and every week several make the Channel crossing to engage in bouts principally at the London clubs.

Charley Sauvage, a clever little French bantamweight, is fighting in tip top shape now and there are few at his weight in all of Europe who can beat him. The customers can always depend upon seeing a real fight when Charley meets an opponent in the ring.

Jewelry Boxing Articles



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LACK OF SPACE

Boxing Notes, which ordinarily are allotted considerable space each month, were left out of this special issue because of lack of space. They will be resumed in the next issue.

YULETIDE GREETINGS

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This Boxing Record Will Stand

Bowen-Burke Draw of 110 Rounds—7 Hours 19 Minutes—No Doubt Set Boxing Mark for All Time

A. D. PHILLIPS

BOXERS may come and boxers may go, but there is one record on the books which will stand just so long as the sport lives. We refer to the mark for the longest fight—110 rounds, lasting seven hours and 19 minutes.

This battle was fought between Andy Bowen, the New Orleans mulatto lightweight, and Jack Burke, in the Crescent City, on April 6, 1893. The struggle was contested with gloves.

In the matter of number of rounds the Bowen-Burke affair must yield to many other scraps of the London Prize Ring days—the brawly bare knuckle era. But we must not lose sight of the fact that under the London rules a knockdown meant the close of the round and some sessions did not last even one minute.

Insofar as rounds are concerned the record is held by the 276 round battle between Jack Jones and Patsy Tunney, staged at Cheshire, England, in 1825. Mike Madden and Billy Hayes went 185 rounds—six hours and three minutes—in England in 1849.

Madden Never Hurried

THIS Madden person was a glutton for punishment. Apparently he stands as the champion long distance record holder of boxing for in addition to going 185 rounds with Hayes he fought 140 rounds—five hours and 40 minutes—with Jack Grant in 1848. Madden also had various tilts of a mere 65 and 85 rounds. Mike never was in a hurry.

Before Bowen and Burke came on the scene the duration record in this country was 100 rounds—six hours and 40 minutes. Danny Needham and Patsy Kerrigan slugged each other that long in a glove fight in San Francisco in 1890.

Bowen's fight with Burke came to mind recently through the death of Clever Sencio, the little Filipino, the day after his bout with Bud Taylor. Bowen died after the manner of Sencio. On December 14, 1894, Kid Lavigne battered Bowen and stopped him in the fourteenth round, at New Orleans. On the following day Bowen died.

Too Much for Bowen

BOWEN was one of those old fashioned stayers but he had taken too many beatings and the walloping he got from the clouting Lavigne, who within the next year was to beat Joe Walcott in their memorable fifteen round battle at Maspeth, L. I., proved too much for the negro.

Bowen was a shifty fighter and some thing of a hitter but he had no knockout punch. He had a penchant for long fights in an era which insisted that battles be fought to a finish.

In 1891 he went 48 rounds—three hours and 41 minutes—before he lost to Austin Gibbons. In 1893 he had three fights which totaled 217 rounds—an average of 72 rounds a fight.

Bowen's record is in startling contrast with modern ring practice. Less than two months after his gruelling draw with Burke Bowen went to the wars again—on May 31, to be exact.

AND this time he fought 85 rounds with Jack Everhardt. Bowen won and the fight lasted five hours and 38 minutes.

This contest apparently made Bowen feel that he was giving a little too much for the money, for in his next outing we find him in a ten round draw with Stanton Abbott. Then came a mere 25 round draw with Jimmy Carroll in August, 1894.

In the really modern era the palm for duration goes to the 42 round fight in which Joe Gans took the lightweight title from Battling Nelson on a foul at Goldfield, Nev., on September 3, 1906.

The fight lasted two hours and 46 minutes—and Gans never got over the effects of the struggle.

When Your Neighbor Is a "Bug"

DON'T know whether you've ever parked yourself in the gallery of a fight club, but if you have, you've probably derived as much enjoyment from your neighbors' comments as from the bouts. Have you ever "shared your seat" with a bloke who slammed your ribs and all but knocked you off your chair as he went through all the moves of the fighters? And then, when the verdict went against his man, left the arena in disgust? Well, let's follow one of these birds through a series of manoeuvres.

The boxers shake hands and part, then they start. One hook—a clinch, (murmur) "Dis bout's no cinch."

Most bouts start in this fashion, then the boys start in crashing.

They turn and wheel, then one "heels," one hooks and jabs and then one slaps.

"What! that ain't fightin' fair! They're fightin', what da hell d'you care?

"You paid your dough to see a scrap? Den just sit still and close your trap.

"You say you don't like dis bout, well, dere's a door and the sign says 'out.'

"Yea, I know Johnny thumbed him, but dat guy wins his bouts by grumblin'.

"Sure, he's getting on his feet. You know dat smack was clean and neat. He ain't going to sit there dizzy, when the notes are due on his tin Lizzy.

"Wham! Slam! Look whose down! Well, if it ain't that big bum John.

"I know that he ain't gitting up. He always was a yeller pup.

(*Exit*)

"Dem guys was only tramps. In future I'll save my dough to see the champs. De scribes ought to pan de commish about a phony bout like dis."

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FROM

Manager MAX (Boo Boo) HOFF

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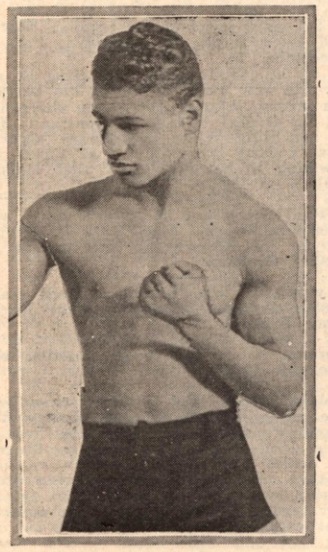
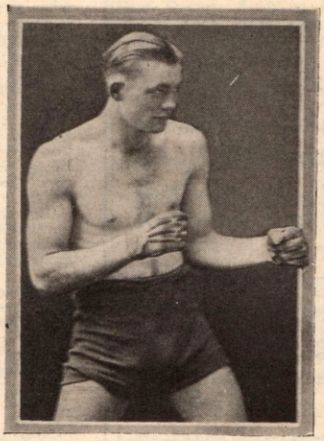


DANNY KRAMER
Featherweight



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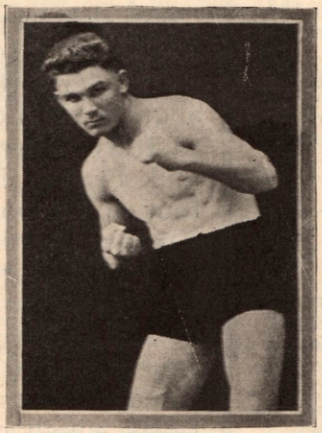

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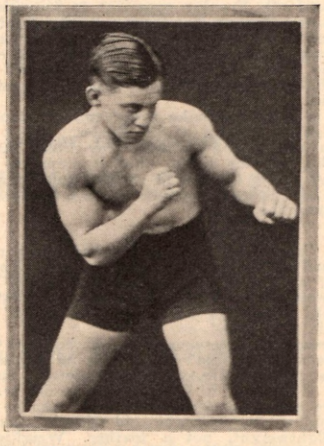

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New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

SEVERAL fistic surprises greeted the Gotham fight fans in December.

One important matchmaker's change was announced, Tom McArdle succeeding Andy Neiderreiter at the Broadway Arena, Brooklyn.

Promoter Tex Rickard cornered the heavyweight market by signing Boston Jack Sharkey for four fights. Besides the conqueror of Harry Wills, he has Paolino, the Basque Woodchopper; Harry Persson, the big Swede; Paul Berlenbach, former champion Jack Dempsey and Jim Maloney. He intends to stage a tournament among the gladiators from time to time this winter, and he hopes to throw the ultimate victor in with champion Gene Tunney next September.

Paolino arrived in America the latter part of November and immediately signed with Rickard. He is not Spanish as has been erroneously stated. He is a Frenchman. He comes from that section of the Basque country in the Pyrenees bordering on Spain, but in French territory. In his street clothes Paolino reminded us of the late, lamented Les Darcy. Rickard thinks he is the real goods. Time will tell.

Tony Canzoneri, crack Williamsburg featherweight, created a sensation by whipping Andre Routis, French champion, in ten bristling rounds. Jack McVey, Negro middleweight champion, stunned a large crowd by knocking the skids from under Bobby Barrett's legs. Local fandom gasped when they learned that Babe Herman has beaten Benny Bass in a Cleveland ring. Bruce Flowers, who is going like a house on fire, outpointed Sammy Vogel which was considerable performance.

— —

Lew Hurley, Manny Seamon'c gritty Italian feather, celebrated his return to the wars by scoring two victories handsrunning. He showed his class over Jack Hausner and Frankie Ritchie.

In the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn a miniature Madison Square Garden has been erected—the new Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club—a monument to modern fisticuffs. It cost $500,000 to build this arena, which is one of the finest of its kind in the world. It stands on a well located site measuring 100 by 245 feet.

Five thousand fans can be accommodated, each with a comfortable seat. There is no crowding in the aisles. The best talent that money can engage is served to the customers every Saturday night.

Frankie Genaro is coming back. He has a new manager. Harry Klein has given the former flyweight champion a new lease on life, as it were, and henceforth Frankie promises to knuckle down to hard work. Genaro hasn't fought in a blue moon. It was not until he tied up with the sportsman Klein that Genaro thought of the bright idea of chasing after his title. Frankie claims he wasn't half the fighter he used to be when he was dethroned by Fidel La Barba.

Klein is going to make a determined stand to have Genaro get first shot at La Barba.

"I am not trying to take any credit away from La Barba," writes Klein, "but it seems to me when talking of titles Genaro is entitled to perference over any and all aspirants, including Elky Clarke, Newsboy Brown and the rest."

When Bobby Garcia was knocked down nine times and finally stopped by Louis (Kid) Kaplan last summer, all fistic fandom wondered. Had the wear and tear of so many hard fought battles finally taken their toll? Had his chin been "softened" by punishment? It seemed so.

But recent developments would indicate that the real reason for Garcia's poor showing against Kaplan was—the weight. He weakened himself making 126 pounds. Following a long rest Garcia returned to the wars a few weeks ago to meet Charlie Goodman in Brooklyn. It was the old Garcia again—but a junior lightweight, not a feather. Weighing in the vicinity of 130, Bob was the same vicious, relentless, rugged, two-fisted assassin of before the Kaplan affair. Garcia handed Goodman an unmerciful lacing, but, unfortunately, had a sensational victory snatched right out of his hands when he accidentaly fouled the veteran. Then he stepped in with Jose Lombardo whom he rocked to sleep in nine rounds.

Tommy Mitchell, promising Canadian lightweight, rang up his thirty-seventh victory in forty starts last month at Jamestown, N. Y., when he defeated Ray Romney. Ray substituted for Jimmy Goodrich. Mitchell has only two defeats on his record, and he turned the tables on both of his conquerors in later bouts.

PUBLISHER OF THE RING ON FOREIGN TOUR

AS this issue of The Ring goes into the hands of its readers, the publisher is about to start on the high seas to Italy, Germany, England and France for his annual tour of the boxing centres of Europe.

It will be recollected that last year he returned with most interesting data on the sport abroad and incorporated this in a series of articles which created quite a stir. It was The Ring which marked out Harry Persson of Sweden as a heavy weight of class and really was instrumental in bringing him to this country. So it was with Paolino, Baldock, Mancini, Hood, Diener and other foreign ring stars.

The Publisher will study the situation over there again and hopes to bring back new data of interest, and stories of new contenders.

Watch for the 1927 series on boxing in Europe and other new features in early issues of The Ring.

Nathaniel S. Fleischer
Publisher and Editor

Speaking of promising youngsters, don't overlook Phil Goldstein, Pittsburgh featherweight, who is compiling a brilliant record. Although he has been fighting professionally less than a year, he has lost but one decision in an even twenty starts. That one "duke" by the way, was lost in the kid's first bout. The more experienced and heavier Eddie Lord of Waterbury outpointing him in the new Garden last winter. Since then Goldie has beaten Mickey Walters, Willie Siegel, Milton Cohen, Bobby Brady, Johnny Howard, Kid Carpentier, Tim Drexler and quite a few other fairly good boys.

Charlie Johnston, brother of the famous James Jay, is handling three very good prospects. They include Pancho Dencio, Filipino bantam; Paul Swider, Polish light heavy and Pierre De Caluwe, featherweight champion of Belgium. Dencio put up two sterling performances last month. He gave Johnny Green a good pasting in the Garden dropping him for a count of nine. Then he fought Al (Rube) Goldberg whom he trounced handily in ten heats. In the ninth Dencio scored a knock down.

Dencio is a ringer for the late-lamented Pancho Villa. Swider was born at Warsaw, Poland. He is six feet two inches tall and weighs 170. He has had fourteen fights in this city, scoring two knock outs. Give this great big Polack a great big hand! De-Caluwe hasn't lost a decision since he left his dear Belgium for A-m-e-r-i-c-a. He turned in a brilliant performance against Dominick Petrone. He holds kayo victories over Eddie Holmes, Mickey Francis and Jimmy Medo. He is a pupil of Piet Hoban, former welterweight champion of all Europe.

Al Levey, one of the best liked sportsmen in the country is Harry Felix's new manager. Al, who knows the fight game backwards, is sincere in the belief that he has a jewel in the popular East Sider. Felix boxed Buck Boyle, of Allentown, Pa., at the Pioneer, December 14.

Levey is to be found in the first row at all the big scraps. He saw Felix in all of his battles and took such a strong liking to the young sharpshooter's ability that he decided to buy his contract. Felix is anxious to box Billy White, the Jersey socker who knocked him cuckoo last summer at Coney Island. Levey is willing to bet his "end" that Harry will turn the tables on White.

Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Georgie Mack in a Jersey ring in preparation for the defense of his bantam laurels against Bushey Graham.

Another youngster who staged a swell comeback was Dominick Petrone. He came from behind to whip Murray Fuchs.

Babe Herman is anxious to get another shot at Tod Morgan. He deserves it.

Ruby Goldstein electrified a large crowd at the Pioneer the night he knocked out Mickey Travers in two minutes and ten seconds of the first round. A right hand clout on the chin finished the Connecticut lad. Ruby scaled 138½ pounds which verifies our statement that he is no longer a lightweight. He was scheduled to box Cuddy De Marco two weeks later but he turned up with an attack of some illness and he was excused.

Georgie Cuneo, Greenwich Village bantam, is doing splendid work. In his last start he defeated Otto Ziendorf.

Benny Valger, who it was thought has seen his best fighting days, surprised the talent by outboxing Hilario Martinez, in six rounds.

Meyer Cohen, Holyoke, Mass. slugger is ready for action again. He has been on the inactive list since he whipped Lew Tendler six months ago in one of the most sensational battles ever seen in a Hartford, Conn. ring. Meyer's left ear was badly mangled in that scrap, and the Holyoke welter was forced to take time out to have it operated on. Jimmy Bron-

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son and Lou Brown, who are handling Cohen, are busy at present lining up a campaign for the New England star.

Cohen's rise in the welter division has been little short of meteoric. A year ago Meyer was little known outside of his home town.

Bronson and Brown are particularly eager to match the Holyoke star with Joe Dundee. Baltimore Joe has beaten two other B. & B. entries—Jack Zivic and Eddie Burnbrook—in recent bouts, and Jimmy and Lou are banking on Cohen to avenge these reverses.

In the thirteen months from October 1, 1925, to October 31, 1926, Tex Rickard paid $495,028.05 in taxes. New York State received $165,009.35 and $330,018.70 went to the Federal government. The announced figures would tend to show that the receipts of new Madison Square Garden from October 1, 1925, to October 31, 1926, were $3,300,187. The $495,028.05 represents 15 per cent, or the combined 10 per cent Federal tax and 5 per cent State tax.

Another French invader is in our midst. Andre Dorley is his name. He arrived a few days ago with a chip on his shoulder. Tony Palmer, socking Brooklyn lightweight, saw the youngster in the gym and lost no time signing him up. Which means that the popular Tony will be forced to hang up his gloves. Dorley is a flyweight. He was born and raised in Paris. He fought three draws with Andre Routis at twelve, ten and six rounds, respectively. Palmer is also managing Patsy Barbera, a corking lightweight prospect.

Vic Burrone, aggressive bantam from Greenwich Village, who recently returned from the Northwest where he boxed Bud Taylor, Terre Haute Terror, to a standstill, has resumed training for several matches his manager is arranging. Since the Taylor bout Burrone's manager has been flooded with offers from all sections of the country. St. Paul wants Burrone with Pete Sarmiento, Milwaukee with Joey Sangor, Butte, Mont., with Dixie La Hood, Chicago with Taylor, and Cleveland with Johnny Farr.

R. N. Krikorian bemoans the fact that he can't get work for his so-called "One Tough Wop" concealed in the young person of Nick De Salvo. He is very bitter in denunciation of Ernie Jarvis, who refuses to give his charge a return shot. Krikorian admits that his protege "has engaged in red-hot battles with the following second raters—Billy Kelly, George Cuneo, Joey Ferrentino, Benny Tell, Johnny Huber, Johnny Erickson, Harry Traub, Danny Smith, Frankie Bauman, and has yet to be floored."

Another new face will shortly be shown in the new Garden. This is by way of introducing Al Foreman, nicknamed the "Soldier Bearcat," who lays claim to the featherweight championship of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. He won the All-Service title at Philadelphia. Foreman is credited with twenty-three consecutive victories, scoring fifteen knockouts.

Foreman was born in England. He started boxing when a mere kid under the veteran, Ted (Kid) Lewis. He enlisted in the English Army and served through the war in the famous Black Watch troops. At the close of the war he went to Canada and entered the "pro" ring there earning his way to a bout with Leo (Kid) Roy for the Canadian title. He lost a close decision and decided to quit boxing. Foreman came to America and soon enlisted in the army being assigned to Ft. Myer, Va., near Washington. He started boxing in Washington in prelims and soon piled up a string of fifteen victories, twelve by knockouts.

The Army sent Foreman to the Service Tourney at Philadelphia and he came out victorious.

Joey Silvers is going great guns in the welter division. A couple of weeks ago he knocked out Eddie Burnbrook. He outgrew the lightweight class several months ago. Silvers' success in the new class can be attributed to one thing only. That is the ruling which prohibits boys under twenty-one from taking part in more than six rounders. In all probability Silvers would have been burned out long ago had he been permitted to box tens. Joey is a tall, rangy youngster, and is gaining his proper strength through maturing processes. He is only a little over twenty-one.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
SOX PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy beat Roxey Allen of Camden in an eight round bout, and Kid Brown of Philly at the Local Arena.

Doc Conrad, substituting for Andy Garry, gave Babe McCorgary a great battle until he went down in the fourth round, from sheer exhaustion.

Sammy Moffo of Bristol took a nice trimming from Ernie Tedesta of Newark.

In another bout Billy Moffo, Sammy's brother beat Jack Dundee of Philadelphia. Moffo dropped Dundee in the first round, but the bell robbed him of a knockout.

After a long lay-off, Chick Emmons of Trenton, returned to the ring and knocked out Jackie Fields in the second round of a scheduled eight round bout.

Patty Ryan is coming along nicely. He won his last three fights.

Bushy Brooks, local flyweight looks like a comer.

Boxers who wish to obtain bouts in this territory should get in touch with Jos. A. Pinto, 145 Second St., Trenton, N. J. They should state how soon they are ready to fight.

Danny Mason, knocked out Rye Moore in the second round here.

HEARD IN OREGON
By F. K. HASKELL

Joe Waterman, the Portland boxing commission's matchmaker, recently was made the guest of honor at the Commission's annual meeting. It was just one year since Joe Waterman took over the duties of matchmaker, a job that he has handled with efficiency and distinction.

Many good bouts were staged here last month. The features follow: Buddy Bercot, Everett 126 pounder, knocked out Jimmy Lucas of Tacoma in the first round.

Soldier Morrow of Camp Lewis, 155-pounder, won a four round decision over Micky McGuire of Everett. Billy Beals of Everett, a 140-pounder, knocked out Bobby Eldred of Seattle in the first round.

Don Fraser, Spokane lightweight won a six round decision over Danny Flores, Whitefish, Mont. Orville Darr, Spokane heavyweight, knocked out Bill Neering, Kellogg, Ida., in the second round. Sam Bernstein, San Diego lightweight, knocked out Chubby Van Hooser, Spokane, in the first round. Paul Alaunzen, Spokane lightweight won over Ed Harland, Portland, by a technical knockout.

Benny Pelz, local featherweight, won a judges verdict over Teddy Seidmann.

Frankie Grandetta scored a knockout over Young Denny in the third round.

George Spadey, welterweight, was given the verdict over Emil Perkins in a four round bout. Joe Calder knocked out Johnny Farr in the third round.

Frankie Novey of Sacremento and Billy Jones of Renton fought a six round draw.

Joe Anderson, of Covington, Kentucky, put a crimp in the championship aspirations of Eddie Roberts, the Tacoma boy, in the main event of a card staged by the Portland boxing commission.

Eddie Boody beat Frankie Paragon in another bout. Boody gave the little Filipino a neat boxing lesson for six rounds.

"Red" Mays of Portland and Joe Blackwell of Eugene boxed four rounds to a draw.

Joe Calder, Filipino, scored a one-round knockout over Ray Farmer of Eugene.

Chuck Hellman regained his Pacific Coast bantamweight title by gaining a decision from Eddie Marks in ten rounds.

Young Denny received the nod over Tony Seaman. Lex Johnson won the decision over Billy Winters in four rounds and Bud Davis of Vancouver, B. C. gained a six round decision over Vic Tendler in the semi-windup.

SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS
By JESS RISNER

Hoot Burger scored a K. O. in the first round over Conway, Omaho heavyweight.

Elmer McMullen of Dodge City won from Joe Dunn of Portland, Oregon.

Walter Page knocked out Jack Lewis in the second round. Red Holtz and Kid Stewart fought six rounds to a draw.

Jimmie Carter won an edge over Jimmie Deering in ten rounds at Sedalia. Kid Kerr and Kid Ripley drew in six rounds.

Jimmie Carter knocked out Soldier Simth in the sevneth round at Springfield, Mo. Tommy Irvine won a decision over Jimmie Deering in ten rounds. Dugan Layton beat Mickey McCance in ten rounds.

Hoot Burger knocked out Joe Burke in the first round at Hutchison, Kans. Jimmie Carter beat Elmer McMullen in seven. Joe Dunn was given a neat lacing by Walter Page in eight rounds. Jack London won from Doggie Lawhead in six rounds.

Warnie Smith and Tillie (Kid) Herman were hissed and booed as they left the ring at the end of the fifth round at Joplin, Mo. Herman claimed to have a broken hand and quit in the fifth. The local Commission called the bout "No Contest." In the ten round semi-final Buster Brown, St. Joe lightweight gave Johnny Hughes of Picher, Okla., a real boxing lesson.

Ed (K. O.) Smith took the edge over Leo Dieble in ten rounds at Picher, Okla. Mutt McKee of Oklahoma City beat Johnny Hughes in the ten round semi-final.

Jimmie Carter fought Joe Kopfer ten hard rounds to a draw at Clay Center. Babe Knaup Fought Kid Nordstrom eight rounds with honors even. Torpedo Kid Williams beat Kid Frost in six rounds.

At Stillwater, Okla., Clausine Vincent knocked out Jack Swan in the first round. In the eight round semi-final Tommy Storie lost to Earl Johnson.

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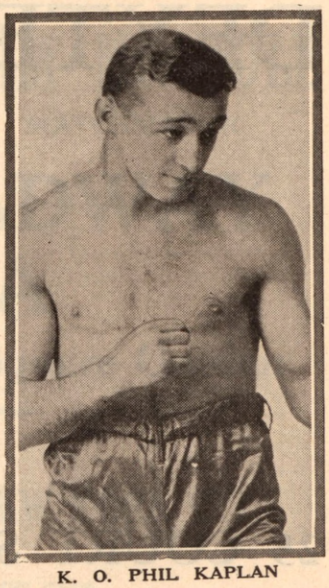

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILTON BARON

After a layoff of about two months, boxing in Havana has come to life again. All the local gymnasiums are packed daily with hundreds of boys training, and a banner season for 1927 is being looked for. Several new clubs have opened training quarters the best and most equipped being the "Iberia F. C. Club," where boxers can find every accommodation and convenience.

LUIS PARGA, of the United Promoters, has just returned from the United States. He is very busy preparing for the winter.

ARAMIS DEL PINO, popular Cuban lightweight, opened up the 1927 boxing season by scoring a nine-round knockout over GENE FERNANDEZ, Astourian assassin. Aramis showed the fans that he is still as good as ever, and when in good shape can be pitted up against the toughest opponents.

PAQUITO MIRO was the victor over Nicasio Varela, in a four-round preliminary. It was one of those slam-bang-biff bang affairs, and proved to be one of the best fights on the card. A return match would certainly draw the fans. Varela had Miro on the verge of a K.O. in the third round.

HENRY DUWANCKER, in the semi-final, drew with Pablo Canales in ten steaming rounds. Duwancker, French featherweight, had it all over the local boy, and easily won on points, but the judges decided on a draw. Duwancker is a flashy boxer with a mean punch.

In another preliminary, Miguel Gomez defeated Jimmy Kelly in four cyclonic rounds. Both boys are flyweights.

HENRY PONCE DE LEON, Cuban welterweight champion, is in training again. Ponce has improved greatly.

JOSE IGLESIAS, popular Spanish junior lightweight, drew with Antonio Medina at Camaguey in eight rounds. Iglesias scored a hit with the fans there. He is in big demand by the Camagueyan promoters.

CESAR MOREDA, Cuban lightweight, is one of the brightest prospects Cuba has had in years. Moreda has only had three fights and won them all.

LUIS PINCHO GUTIERREZ has just returned from New York. Pincho is the proud manager of Black Bill, Cuba's flyweight contender. He brought back with him ANTOLIN FIERRO, local heavyweight champion, who was up north getting into shape for several bouts lined up for him. Fierro will be matched with Clem Johnson.

KID CHAROL, our middleweight champion, is havinga big success in South America. He is now in Buenos Aires, where he has won every fight.

Charol recently defeated Larry Estridge in fifteen rounds and Panama Joe Gans in twelve.

EUGENE FERNANDEZ, known here as the "Gallego," traveled to Santiago de Cuba and defeated Peter Sung—slashing oriental welterweight.

JOSE ARGUELLES, local flyweight, made his debut at the Arena Colon, defeating Alfonso Benitez. Arguelles is a pocket edition of Benny Leonard. He displayed marvelous footwork, a good left jab and a corking right cross. Jose surprised the fans with his speed.

AUGUSTIN LILLO, lanky welter, scored a decisive victory over Martin Perez, known as the "Terrible Cook." Perez had ten pounds over Lillo, but Lillo made his cook eat out of his hands.

ANGEL DIAZ, Cuban feather champion, will soon defend his title against Pablo Canales, plucky little Cuban battler.

IN CALIFORNIA

By THERON FISK

Boxing in California, under the commission rule has entered its third year. California staged over a thousand shows during 1926.

The game is enjoying prosperity but unless new talent is brought out a slump is inevitable.

Out in Hollywood, under the able management and matchmaking of the genial Tom Gallery, the American Legion Club, with a seating capacity of only 5,000 cleared $75,000 for the year.

Negro boxers are well received by California fans. Baby Joe Gans, Young Jack Thompson, Young Harry Wills and Young Sam Langford, all lightweights, are the leaders.

Off to a good start, is Tim McGrath of San Francisco, famous for two generations as a trainer and second. Tim has received license No. 1 from the boxing commission for the New Year. Billie Algers also of San Francisco, was issued boxer's license No. 1.

The dean of Los Angeles sports writers, Ed Frayne, has bid the West good-bye. Frayne, for ten years sports editor of the Record, resigned to take over the sports desk of the New York American. An interesting writer and an authority, Eddie, will be especially missed by cauliflower alley.

Jack Dempsey has started training. It is hoped that Jack will place himself under the guidance of Tim McGrath or George Blake. The welcome tendered Dempsey upon his arrival home and at his introduction a few nights later at the Vernon coliseum, is full proof that the world loves a good loser.

Jerry the Greek and Gus Wilson, Jack's trainers, are in Los Angeles.

Bob Cronin in the News tells this one.

Gus was telling an interesting sidelight that developed while the two fighters were in their corners awaiting the announcement of the decision of the judges. Dempsey figured that he had lost the fight. Unable to see clearly from the effects of Tunney's punches and the terrible swelling occasioned by a collision of Jack's eye with Gene's head in the ninth round, Dempsey reached up, caught Gene Normile his manager, by the shoulder and pulled him down so that he could whisper in his ear.

"If they give the decision to Tunney," Jack said to Normile, so lowly that ringside spectators could not hear, "lead me over to him so that I may congratulate him. I can't see him from here."

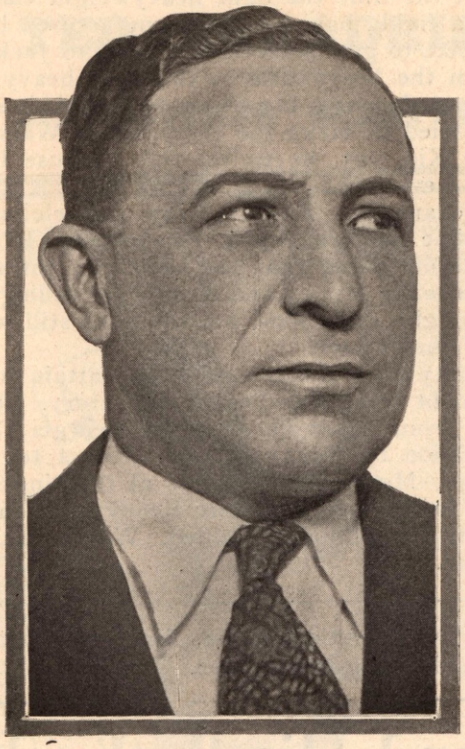
California did for Paul Berlenbach what it did for Gene Tunney. "Punch 'Em Paul" did several months of training in the land of Sunshine in preparation for his Eastern start as a heavyweight and if he fails to tip the Fairbanks at less than 186 this writer misses his guess. Berlenbach enjoyed it immensely in Los Angeles. He took in all the fights and got a big hand whenever introduced.

"Bad News" Eber, bantamweight, and Russ Whelan, lightweight, went over with a bang in their initial start in Los Angeles. Eber beat Georgie Rivers and Whelan won from Jack Thompson. Plenty of work is in line for these boys for the coming season.

Funny birds these champions, three were crowned in Los Angeles since the event of legalized boxing—Fidel La Barba, Tod Morgan and Mushy Callahan. La Barba and Callahan have remained at home adding little to their popularity while Morgan has become quite a globetrotter and immensely popular everywhere.

It remained, however, for Tex Rickard to untie the first set of apron strings—and now on the way to New York, is Fidel La Barba who is slated to meet Elkey Clark of England. The little flyweight champion found it not at all inconvenient to make

(*Continued on page* 46)



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Jinx Year for Champions—(*Continued from page 7*)

tinction hitherto attained by only one other fighter. Only once before in the modern era did a boxer lose one title, only to rise to the pinnacle in a heavier class.

The feat was accomplished years ago by Frank Erne. In 1896 Erne took the featherweight title from George Dixon but in 1897, in a twenty five round battle in New York, the negro took the championship back from the Buffalo Swiss. In 1899 Erne took the lightweight championship by beating Kid Lavigne, title holder, in a twenty round battle. Then Erne beat Joe Gans but two years later Joe knocked out Frank in one round.

* * *

GEORGE DIXON and Terry McGovern both went from the bantamweight title to the featherweight championship, but neither was beaten in the lighter division. Dixon found that the task of making the bantam limit was too great and slipped gracefully among the featherweights. McGovern followed a similar procedure.

Bob Fitzsimmons held the middleweight championship and then the heavyweight title, and still later was recognized as the light heavyweight champion. But Bob did not lose the middleweight title. After losing the heavyweight championship Fitzsimmons won the lightheavy laurels. But at the time the light heavyweight class was something of a freak, having been manufactured by Lou Housman in 1903, to give some sort of title to Jack Root. Fitz went from the heavy title to the light heavy, while Walker has proceeded from the welter to the middleweight.

Kid McCoy tried to make the jump which Walker has recorded. The Kid quit the welter title because he was too heavy but never was recognized as the out and out middleweight champion. Tommy Ryan also claimed the title at that time and got wider recognition. It wasn't until Ketchel came along that the middleweight muddle was settled, for while McCoy and Ryan were calling themselves middleweight champions, Fitzsimmons still was the legal owner of that crown.

It seems a pity that Walker could not attain his feat without any doubt being attached to his victory. The title passed to him from Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, through a decision by Benny Yanger after a ten round bout in Chicago. Most of the experts at the ringside berated Yanger for the decision but Benny, once a great fighter himself, said, "Flowers cuffed. Walker hit. That counts with me."

Review of 1926 Boxing

(*Continued from page 11*)

French-Spaniard; Johnny Grosso, Johnny Urban, Nick Fadil, Jack De Mave, Jack Seifert.

Light heavyweight—Frankie Colombo, George Smith, James J. Braddock, Murray Gitlitz, Paul Snider, of Poland.

Middleweight—Jimmy Darrah, Eddie Tiernan, Pierre Gandon, of France; Al Webster, Billings, Mont.; Harry Ebbets, Ted Coolidge, Chick Morlano.

Welterweight—Gats Gargano, Nick (Young) Testo, Billy Leonard, Henry Goldberg, Willie Garafola, Jack Horner, Jack Katkish, Morris Meola, Eddie McLaughlin, Willie Feldman.

Lighweight—Tony Ross, of Pittsburgh; Pal Silvers, Cuddy De Marco, Bruce Flowers, Jackie Brady.

Junior Lightweight—Joe Malone, Eddie Goldberg, Tommy Herman, Lew Kersch, George Siddons, Marty Silvers, Patsy Ruffalo.

Featherweight—Freddy Anderson, Eddie Guida, Rube Goldberg, Herman Wallace, Manny Rosen, Jackie Donohue, Jimmy McNamara, Tommy Mitchell, of Toronto; Jimmy Mendoza, Johnny Filucci, Phil Goldstein, Willie Siegel, Murray Fuchs, Newport Johnny Brown, Phil Zwick, Benny Cross, Henry Chass, of Spain; Armando Santiago, of Cuba; Pierre De Caluwe, of Belgium.

Bantamweight—Joey Katkish, Jimmy Rappaport, Johnny Huber, Georgie Mack, Archie Bell, Joe Scalfaro, Kid Carlin, Frankie Baumann, Joe Marcienti, Pete Passifiume, Pancho Dencio.

Flyweight—Georgie Rivers, Petit Biquet, fifteen-year-old Belgian; Phil Lolosky, Tommy Hughes, Marty Gold, Routier Parra, Francis Moracchini, Scotty Reaburn.

Joe Walcott and His Bathrobe

TOM O'ROURKE, veteran sportsman, fight promoter and manager, tells many interesting stories of Joe Walcott and George Dixon, who were managed by him, but none can hold the attention more than those O'Rourke tells of the curious hoodoos of these negro fighters.

O'Rourke tells one about Walcott and the vari-colored bathrobe which he wore on the occasion of his bout with Mysterious Billy Smith in 1895. With few exceptions, boxers of Walcott's period did not don bathrobes when entering the ring. Jim Corbett was an exception. With this by way of introduction, we will let silver-haired Tom tell the story:

"It was four days before his fight that I noticed Walcott becoming quite fidgety. I could not for the life of me understand what was wrong. He was fretful and acted queerly. I couldn't understand what was wrong though I surmised the "Ace of Spades," as Walcott was known, wanted something. I was in a quandary what to do.

"Finally the day before the fight. Walcott came to me and said that he wanted a bathrobe.

"'What on earth do you want a bathrobe for?' I inquired.

"'Don't you know that Jim Corbett wears a bathrobe?' replied Walcott, 'and it he is gooa enough to have a bathrobe, I want one too.'

"There was no way out of it, so I took the colored wonder to a sporting goods house, where Walcott picked out a 'ragtime' effect for a bathrobe, and on the night of the fight, when he entered the ring, he was grinning from ear to ear as he proudly surveyed himself in his gaudy robe.

"The 'Mysterious' one nearly fell off his chair at the shock of seeing Walcott in a bathrobe, and the house roared with laughter at the novel spectacle. Walcott got what he wanted that night in the way of costume and a few other things in the way of souvenirs that made that fight linger in the memory of those who witnessed it."

California Notes

(*Continued from page 44*)

the trip, having finished his annual series with the home talent.

What looked good on paper proved a joke on San Francisco fans. Johnny Dundee was brought 3,000 miles across the continent to meet Tod Morgan in a championship affair. The ancient Scotch-Wop fractured his arm again and took a beating from the young champion.

San Francisco being champion crazy next sent to Los Angeles for Fidel La Barba and matched the little champion with California Joe Lynch. The referee of this fight, having no sympathy for wrestling, stopped the bout in the fourth round.

Jimmy McLarnin spent the holidays with his folks in Vancouver. McLarnin plans to rest a few months before starting his campaign for the title. A Mandell-McLarnin go in Los Angeles next Summer is not at all unlikely.

YULETIDE GREETINGS

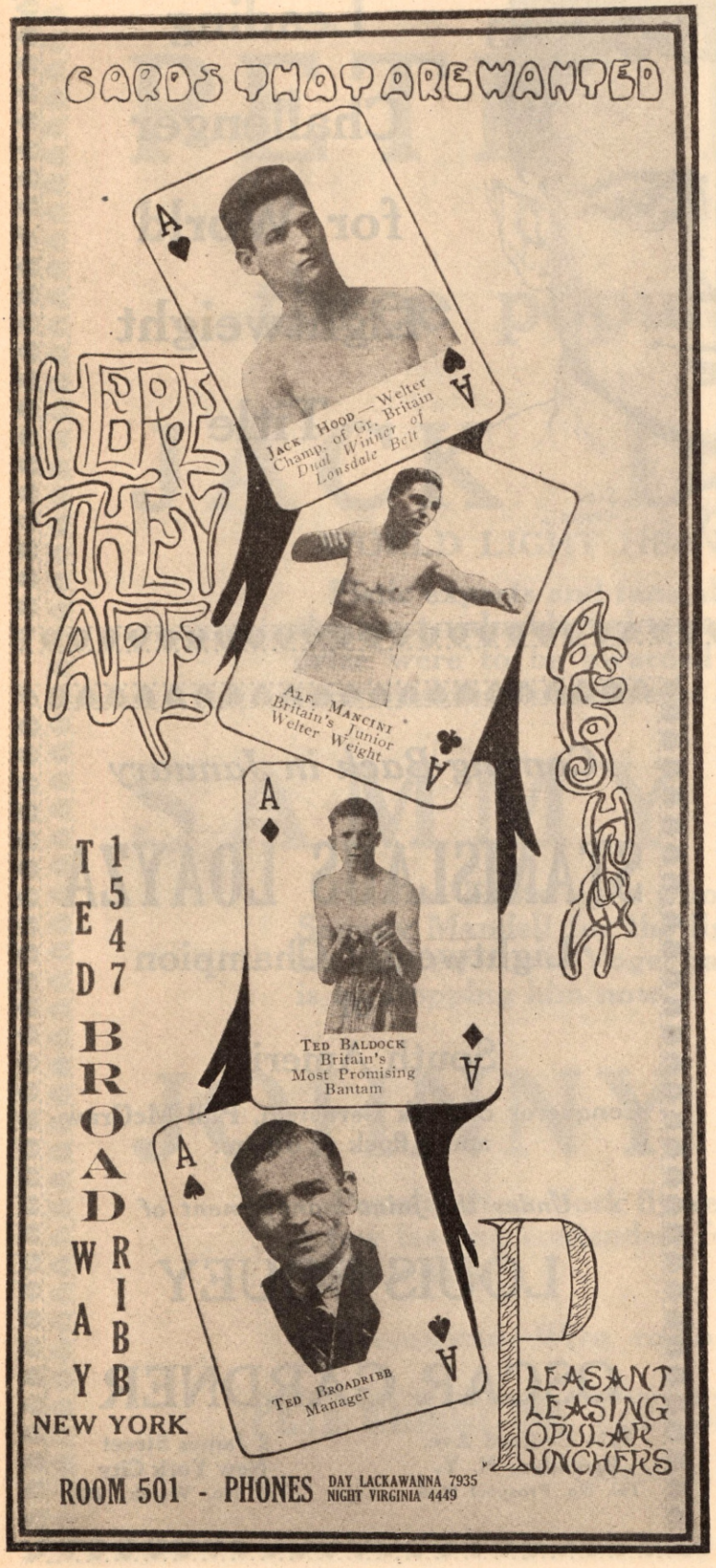
To All Our Friends of the Old and New World

From

TED BROADRIBB

AND HIS

SENSATIONAL SCRAPPERS



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AND HIS

twenty battlers extend the season's greetings

JACK RENAULT	Canadian Heavyweight Champion
BUD GORMAN	Cleverest Heavyweight Boxing
SAILOR TOM MAXTED	Heavyweight
BUDDY McCASKILL	Heavyweight
JACK MONROE	Heavyweight
GEORGE MANLEY	Light-Heavyweight
DAVE SHADE	The New Master
BABE McCORGARY	Another Stanley Ketchel—160 Lbs.
ALLENTOWN JOE GANS	Middleweight
PANAMA JOE GANS	Middleweight
BARNEY ADAIR	Welterweight
ERWIN BIGE	Junior Welterweight
LOU PALUSO	Lightweight Champion of Pacific Coast
TOMMY (KID) MURPHY	Lightweight
JOHNNY SHEPPARD	Featherweight
CHARLIE GOODMAN	Featherweight
HIP SING LEE	Bantamweight
EMIL PALUSO	Bantamweight
NEWSBOY BROWN (Dave Montrose)	Flyweight
MICKEY McGARR	Flyweight

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in Seven Rounds

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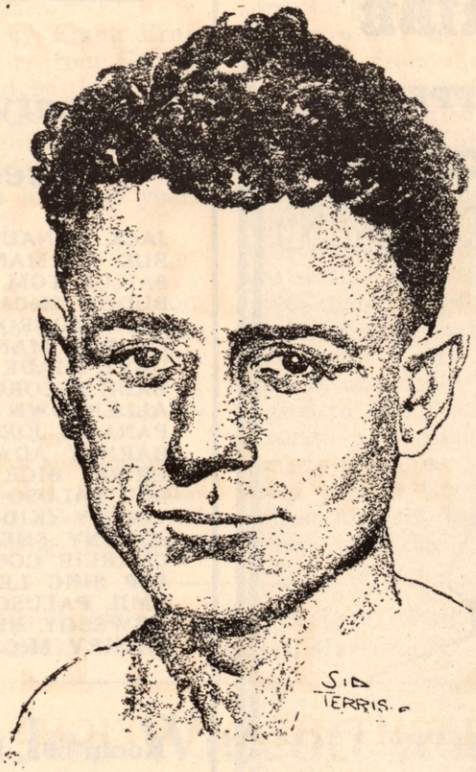
NEW YORK CITY

Telephone: Lackawanna 1905

Xmas Greetings

from

SID TERRIS



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Fistic experts and fans alike have proclaimed Delaney the most valuable fighter of 1926. In other words, if a prize were to be awarded as in baseball it would be presented to the handsome French-Canadian.

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Harlem lightweight who is practically matched with Sammy Mandell for the lightweight championship. In his last few starts Vogel has emerged victorious. There is no stopping him now.

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Swedish Heavyweight Champion

Harry Persson

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from

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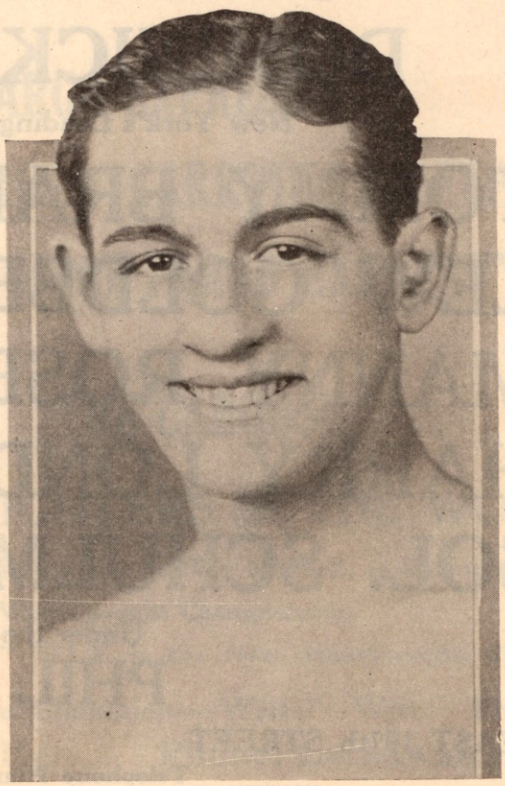
DANNY BROWN



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TOMMY BRADY, 122 pounds
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ARTHUR LUME
147 Pounds

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128 Pounds

JIMMY ABBOTT
145 Pounds

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Address all communications to Sergeant Steve Webber

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BILLY PETROLLE, "The FARGO EXPRESS," CARRYING 2 SLEEPERS;

RUSSIE LE ROY, "SECOND SECTION OF FARGO EXPRESS"

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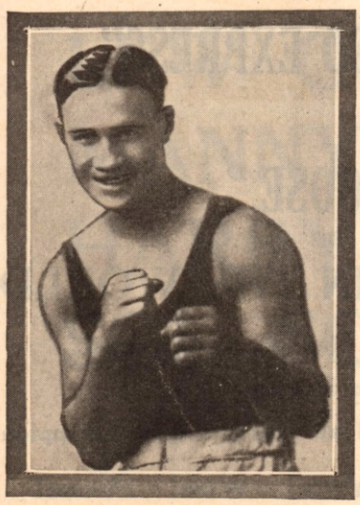

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NICK ANAGARELLI

126 POUNDS

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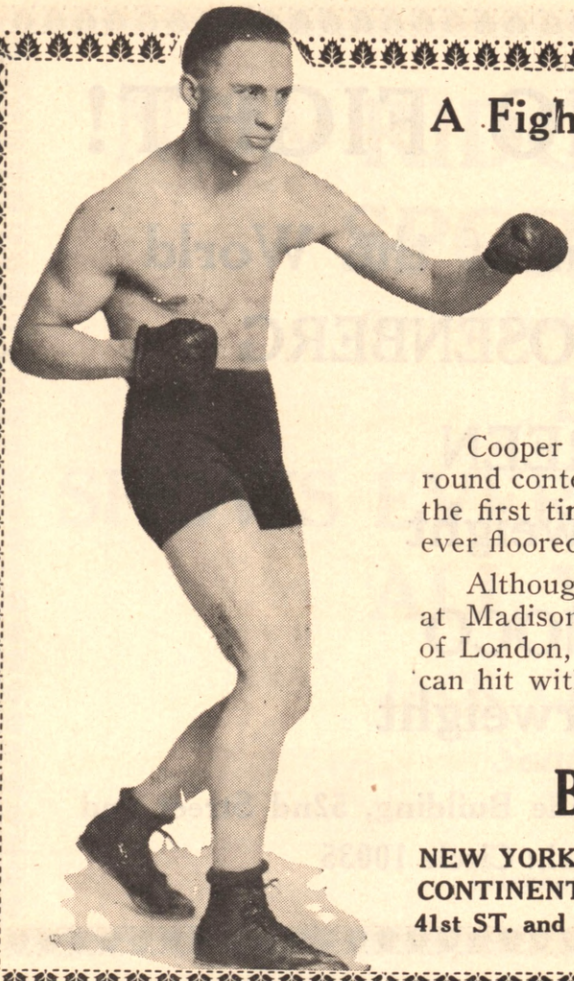

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WEIGHT 142-145 POUNDS

Cooper twice floored Lew Tendler of Philadelphia, in a ten-round contest at Madison Square Garden, October 15, 1926. It was the first time in Tendler's career in New York rings that he was ever floored.

Although Cooper lost the decision to Tendler, he again appeared at Madison Square Garden, December 13, against Alf. Mancini of London, England. Cooper is a natural born crowd-pleaser. He can hit with the power of a middleweight.

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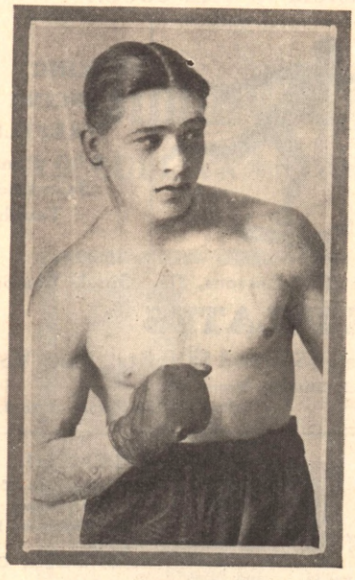

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Greetings for the New Year

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Conqueror of Carl Tremaine and a flock of other bantams. Fought Bud Taylor ten bang-up rounds recently.

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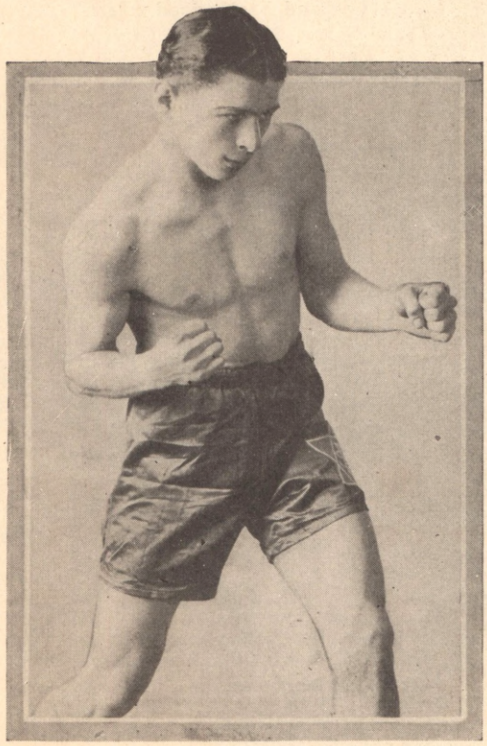

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126 pounds

Murray Layton
122 pounds

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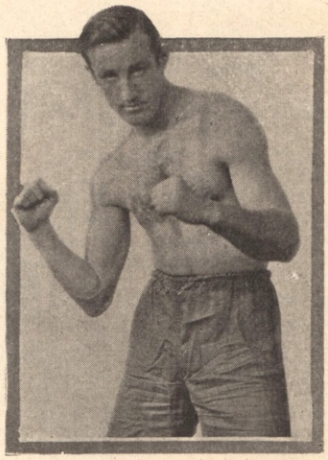
118 pounds

WATERFORD WALLOPER!

ALL-SERVICE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Mandell has refused $7,500 to box Ryan 10 rounds, no decision, in New Jersey.



In the short space of four years Ryan has compiled remarkable record of 45 knockouts in sixty starts.

JIMMY RYAN

First Irish lightweight championship prospect uncovered since the days of Jack McAuliffe.

AUGIE PISANO

BROOKLYN'S BUSIEST BATTLER

Who holds two decisions over Bruce Flowers and who has beaten Mike Ballerino among a raft of other good ones.

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Cowboy Gene Golden, Wyoming.

Q.—(1) Why doesn't Eddie Shea fight in New York? (2) Were Joe Glick and Jackie Snyder the only men to defeat Ray Miller? (3) Who are some of the boys who beat Maxie Rosenbloom? (4) How many times did Eddie Anderson and Benny Bass fight?

A.—(1) Advise you to write Chairman James Farley, New York State Athletic Commission. He knows. (2) No. (3) Jimmy Slattery, Frankie Schoell. (4) Twice.

James O'Mara, New York.

Q.—Is it true that Babe Herman has quit the featherweight division in favor of the junior lightweight class?

A.—Yes and no.

Steady Reader, Boston, Mass.

Q.—(1) Where should I write to get in touch with Jimmy Coffroth? (2) What has become of Freddie Welsh, former lightweight champion? (3) Who is the matchmaker of the Lenox A. C.? (4) Is Benny Leonard going to come back?

A.—(1) Tia Juana Race Track, Tia Juana, Mexico. (2) He is in the army. (3) Eddie McMahon. (4) No.

O. O. P., Syracuse, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the managers of the following scrappers—Jack Delaney, Johnny Dundee, Eddie Anderson, Frankie Genaro, Benny Bass, Billy Petrolle, Ace Hudkins, Chick Suggs, Sid Terris, Fred Fulton, Andy Divodi, Henry Usse?

A.—Pete Reilly, Joe Jacobs, Bill Duffy, Harry Klein, Phil Glassman, Jack Hurley, Clyde Hudkins, Dave Lumiansky, Dan Caplin, Charles Rose, Bill Duffy, Jerry Pelton.

Anxious, New York City.

Q.—Who would win between Ace Hudkins and Joe Dundee?

A.—Dundee.

James J. Sullivan, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What are the measurements of Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey?

A.—Tunney, weight 190 pounds, height 6 feet 1½ inches; reach 76½ inches; wrist 8 inches; forearm 13½ inches; biceps 14 inches; chest normal 41 inches; chest expanded 44 inches; waist 34 inches; neck 17 inches; thigh 23 inches; calf 16 inches; ankle 9 inches. Dempsey, weight 196 pounds; height 6 feet 1 inch; reach 77 inches; wrist 9 inches; forearm 13 inches; biceps 14½ inches; chest normal 40½ inches; chest expanded 44¾ inches; waist 33 inches; neck 16½ inches; thigh 22 inches; calf 15½ inches; ankle 9 inches.

Reader, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—Who manages Solly Seeman?

A.—John L. Dorgan.

F. C. H., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Q.—Please let me have the measurements of champion Pete Latzo?

A.—Height 5 feet 7½ inches; weight 147 pounds; reach 68½ inches; chest normal 36½ inches; chest expanded 39½ inches; waist 34½ inches; biceps 13 inches; forearm 11½ inches; wrist 7½ inches; thigh 20½ inches; calf 14 inches; ankle 8 inches.

Ralph Sousa, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who is the hardest hitter in the heavyweight division today? (2) Who are the three best lightweights today? (3) Is Loayza a good fighter?

A.—(1) Dempsey. (2) Sid Terris, Stanislaus Loayza, Billy Petrelle. (3) Yes. (4) Several good prospects.

Reader, Reading, Pa.

Q.—Who were the greatest fighters in the accredited divisions?

A.—Heavyweight, Tom Hyer, John C. Heenan, Jem Mace, John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Jack Dempsey; light heavy, Fitz, O'Brien, Berlenbach, Jack Delaney; middle, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Fitz, Ryan, McCoy, Ketchel, Mike Gibbons, Harry Greb, Les Darcy; welter, Walcott, Dixie Kid, Jack Britton, Kid Lewis; light, Gans, Lavigne, Jem Carney, Freddie Welsh, Benny Leonard; feather, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Ben Jordan, Jem Driscoll, Abe Attell, Johnny Dundee; bantam, Jimmy Barry, Dixon, McGovern, Kid Williams; fly, Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Fidel La Barba.

Inquisitive, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Did Chuck Wiggins ever stop Johnny Risko?

A.—Yes, five rounds, on September 8, 1925.

William Jensen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Willie La Morte, of Newark, ever fight Fidel La Barba in the professional ranks?

A.—No.

A Fight Fan, New York City.

Q.—(1) What is the official length of a round, and the time between rounds? (2) Who are the leading contenders for the flyweight title? (3) Has Jimmy Maloney a chance at the heavyweight title? (4) Who is Tunney's leading contender?

A.—(1) Three minutes, one minute. (2) Frankie Genaro, Joey Ross, Elky Clarke. (3) Yes. (4) Jack Dempsey.

Jack Cummings, Ozone Park, L. I.

Q.—I would appreciate knowing the whereabouts of those sterling oldtime friends of mine—Joe Walcott, Billy Earnst, Eddie Loeber, Tommy Feltz, Harry Forbes, Willie Fitzgerald, Dan Creedon, Sam Bolen and Kid Carter?

A.—Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Chicago, Brooklyn, Australia, New York, Brooklyn.

George Mealey, Portland, Me.

Q.—Is Mysterious Billy Smith still living and where?

A.—Yes. Seattle.

Kevin Dolan, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Could Wills beat Dempsey? (2) What is Dempsey's nationality? (3) Was Jeffries the strong man in the ring? (4) Was Yankee Sullivan the first heavy champion, and was he any relation to John L. Sullivan? (5) Was Battling Nelson a Dane or a Swede?

A.—(1) No. (2) Irish-Scotch-American-Indian. (3) Never had an equal in physical strength. (4) Yankee Sullivan, family name James Ambrose, never was champion, was beaten by Tom Hyer and John Morrisey. No relation to John L. Sullivan. (5) Dane.

A. Spiro, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who won the Walker-Shade bout at the Garden?

A.—They fought at the Yankee Stadium and Walker was awarded the decision.

A Ring Fan, Crichton, Ala.

Q.—(1) When and where were Tommy Ryan and Billy Papke born? (2) What was the date of the Leonard-Welsh fight in which Leonard won the title? (3) When and where was Mike Ballerino born?

A.—(1) Redwood, N. Y.; Spring Valley, Ill. (2) May 28, 1917, Manhattan Casino, New York. (3) April 10, 1901, Asbury Park, N. J.

Hugh Addis, Sierra Madre, Cal.

Q.—(1) What are the measurements of Jim Corbett? (2) Why was the Corbett-Jackson bout stopped in the sixty-first round? (3) What are the chances of Jim Maloney and Jack Sharkey in the heavyweight class? (4) What was the boxing record of Luther McCarty?

A.—(1) Six feet one inch tall, 185 pounds. (2) The referee Hiram Cook declared it "no contest.". Corbett's defensive tactics slowed the action. Jackson had lame ankle due to a fall a few days previous to bout and was unable to fight at customary speed. The California A. C. cut the purse of $10,000 in half, giving $2,500 to each boxer. (3) Very good. (4) Best of White Hopes during Jack Johnson's reign.

Henry Otto, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I get a book on the lives of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, individual books on each one's life?

A.—No such books. Corbett wrote a book entitled "The Roar of the Crowd" published by Putnam's. There is a book called "John L. Sullivan," by Dibble. Published by Little, Brown & Co. These books can be ordered through The Ring. The Ring has books on the life of each of the above named men, but these books are out of print and are not for sale.

Harry Dolan, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—What muscles does rope skipping strengthen and what effect does it take on the wind?

A.—Leg and back; good effect.

Sam Schor, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is thirteen years too young to start training to become a fighter? (2) Is fifteen years too young to become an amateur?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) No.

H. W. Cupit, Crichton, Ala.

Q.—(1) What has become of Jimmy Clabby, Solly Smith, Dave and Tommy Sullivan? (2) Where were Jack Root, George Gardiner, Jack Dillon and Battling Levinsky born? (3) When, how and where did Levinsky beat Dillon for the light heavyweight title?

A.—(1) They are living in Milwaukee, Los Angeles, Brooklyn and St. Louis, respectively. (2) Austria, Ireland, Frankford, Ind., Philadelphia. (3) Twelve rounds to decision, Boston, Oct. 24, 1916.

Lawson Bampton, Montreal, Can.

Q.—(1) Who was the greatest heavyweight? (2) Who is the best lightweight today?

A.—(1) Bob Fitzsimmons. (2) Sid Terris.

B. F., Toledo, Ohio.

Q.—(1) I am five feet three inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. Am I too heavy to become a fighter? What division would I be in? (2) Who would win a Leonard-Britton fight if both were in their prime?

A.—(1) No. Bantam. (2) Leonard.

A Reader, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Did Knute Hansen fight for Denmark in the Olympic games 1920 to 1924?

A.—No. He was born in Wisconsin.